THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE FRENCH LANDING.

A Russian's Graphic Account of the Arrival of Gen. Humbert and a Regiment of Frenchmen at Killala in 1798.

Is the Muscovite Giving an Object Lesson to His Own Country?

[*United Ireland.*]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

We have seen that the second attack of the French was unsuccessful, and that their ranks were thrown into almost irremediable disorder. But the British neglected to follow up their advantage, and Humbert, satisfied that they were badly led, resolved upon a bold stroke to make a general attack along the whole of the enemy's line. To do this it became necessary to extend the French front until it should overlap his left wing. At the word of command the sturdy little Frenchmen deployed from the center with the rapidity and precision of a dress parade, and when they commenced their next advance up the steep incline the British looked down in amazement on a long thin line of blue in open order, its full strength not exceeding five hundred bayonets! . . . It was a critical moment.

A combined effort of the English would probably have given the day to them. As it was, the infantry supporting the guns seemed to have lost their heads. Instead of awaiting the foe at close quarters they commenced firing in a desultory fashion, at so great a distance as to produce no effect. Orders of any kind from the commanding general were lacking, and the splendid cavalry corps stood inactive within its lines. Only the Highlanders, posted behind a fringe of bushes on the British left, and the artillery appeared to understand their duty and to perform it.

Perceiving the lack of cohesion among the British, Sarrazin ordered the *pas de charge* sounded, and the French rushed forward to some hedges immediately in the enemy's front. Under cover of these they continued to advance in separate bodies, uttering the while their war cries and firing as rapidly as they could reload. As they came nearer some confusion was perceptible in the British ranks. The artillery was vomiting grape and canister, but the fire of the infantry had slackened. Now that the soldiers of the republic were at hand with their deadly bayonets, the warriors of his majesty felt their hearts fail within them. Some one raised the cry that the French were on the flanks, and of a sudden the entire British infantry—regulars, yeomen and fencibles—wavered, broke, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving on the field Major Alcock, sorely wounded, and many others dead and dying. Sarrazin's men engaged the artillery on the right of the enemy's position, while Chief of Battalion Ardouin attacked the Frasers and the Galway men on the left. Shortall had already lost his best soldiers, but instead of retiring he pulled up his sleeves and took a stand at one of the guns himself. A French officer rushed towards him with leveled weapon, and missing fire, drew his sword. The intrepid Englishman, like many of his compatriots, an adept at the manly art of boxing, doubled up his fists and knocked his opponent down. He then mounted his horse and rode away with the same cool and deliberate air that had signalized his deportment throughout the engagement.

The astonishing behavior of the infantry on the British right, and the capture of Shortall's guns, so alarmed General Lake that he hurriedly ordered a retreat, and in the teeth of Hutchinson's opposition. The command was superfluous. The British formation was already a confused mass. Infantry, artillery and cavalry, seized with an indescribable panic, were scurrying to the rear, unheeding the exhortations of their officers. The cavalrymen, gorgeous in scarlet, gold and pipeclay, with powdered wigs and clean-shaven faces—the pride of many a review—presented now a sorry aspect as they spurred their horses in a mad flight for safety. Killing prisoners in cold blood was one thing, and meeting a disciplined foe another! . . .

At the bridge over the Castlebar river a horrible crush ensued. The main body of the British army had converged to that point, and the narrow structure was blocked with field guns, *caissons*, and supply wagons, against which the struggling mass of humanity surged in unreasoning terror. Here it was everyone for himself, the alternative to the luckless foot soldier being death under the hoof or a plunge into the waters beneath. To increase the confusion some shots fell in among the fugitives, and in their desperation they turned their weapons against each other. How many perished on the bridge has never been fully ascertained, but for weeks afterwards the river and the lough near by threw up mutilated corpses in the uniform of the British line and of the Anglo Irish yeomanry.

But the battle was not yet over. The most desperate fighting was still to come. By the exertions of the earl of Granard, Major Thompson and Captains Chambers and Armstrong, a comparatively large body of men was gotten together to cover the retreat of the army. This they endeavored to do by maintaining a musketry fire from behind hedges and thickets on the approaching *sans culottes*. Unable to hold their ground they retired to the bridge, and took up a position there with a curricle gun. At the same moment the Highlanders and some carabineers, after being driven from the left wing at the point of the bayonet, stationed themselves in the public square of Castlebar, where Lieutenant Blundell with two curricle guns had been posted early in the morning. To dislodge the enemy from both these positions, Humbert detached his cavalry from his center and moved it on to the town, with some infantry under Sarrazin and Adjutant General Fontaine. . . .

The street action lasted nearly an hour, during which period every foot of ground was obstinately disputed. The British, still having the advantage of position and numbers, inflicted severe losses on their opponents, and were only overcome in the end by sheer pluck and hard fighting on the part of the latter. Death had no terrors for these sons of the republic, even though to them it meant not an awakening in another and better world, but chaos and an end of all things. Utterly regardless of grape and canister, of sword and shell, they flung themselves upon the foe. One grenadier, after sabring two gunners, placed his thumb on the touch hole of a cannon in time to extinguish the burning fuse. He earned his epaulettes for the bold deed, which saved the head of the advancing column from certain destruction. Here and there the town's defenders succeeded in barricading themselves with in private dwellings, whence they maintained a galling fire through shutters and improvised loopholes of every description, thus necessitating a series of separate assaults, in which the bayonet played as active a *role* as the bullet.

When the main portion of the town was in their hands, the French turned their attention to the bridge. There, as has been mentioned, a body of British with a curricle gun had taken stand. A desperate *melee* was the result. Worked up to a pitch of fury by the bitterness of the preceding conflict, neither side gave nor demanded quarter. The defenders of the bridge consisted of the remnants of many of the regiments present on the field an hour before. There were some Longford and Kilkenny men, a sprinkling of frasers, and a corporal's guard or so of the 6th regiment. The gun itself was worked by the few remaining survivors of Captain Shortall's royal Irish artillery corps. The French began by installing themselves in the deserted buildings near the river's banks, and from here and the roads leading to the bridge they poured volley after volley on the enemy. As soon as the last gunner had fallen a squadron of French horse, emerging from the cover of a neighboring house, dashed at the gun, hoping to reach and spike it before assistance arrived. In this they were foiled by the energy of the British officers in command; but in the hand-to hand combat that followed fully half of the bridge's defenders were mercilessly cut down. The Chasseurs lost two of their men and drew back; then, reinforced by the arrival of the infantry, they charged once more and swept the enemy from the field.

While the better men of the British forces were spilling their blood in defense of the flag and their country's honor, their comrades were speeding over the high road to Hollymount and Tuam. Lake, accompanied by his staff, rode furiously along in the midst of the fugitives, with livid face and compressed lips. He cast not a glance behind him, nor heeded the surrounding turmoil. . . . Hutchinson directed all his efforts to rallying the men and turning the flight into the semblance of an orderly retreat. He was not successful. Neither persuasion, commands nor threats availed to stem their wild stampede. On they rode, hearing a menace in every whisper of the wind, a cannonade in every rustling of the leaves. . . . So great was their fright, indeed, that they never stopped for breath until they had reached the town of Tuam, forty miles away; and even here they paused scarcely long enough to eat, and then made on to Athlone. At this place an officer of the carabineers, with sixty of his men, arrived on the afternoon of the 29th of September. These heroes had covered a distance of over seventy English miles in twenty-seven hours! No wonder the battle has been jocularly styled "the races of Castlebar!"

M. Gribaydoff, in his description of the street fight, narrates several incidents of individual heroism in so graphic and vivid a manner as almost to persuade the reader that they passed before his eyes. The English loss at Castlebar in killed, wounded and prisoners, amounted to about six hundred. The artillery, according to Plowden, lost fourteen pieces, including six curricle guns.

"The French," says Mitchel in his "History of Ireland," "having thus easily possessed themselves of the county town of Mayo, immediately gave a ball and supper." Sir Jonah Barrington says:

"The native character of the French never showed itself more strongly than after this action. When in full possession of the large town of Castlebar, they immediately set about putting their persons in the best order, and the officers advertised a ball and supper that night, for the ladies of the town; this, it is said, was well attended; decorum in all points was strictly preserved; they paid ready money for everything; in fact the French army established the French character everywhere they occupied."

But they thought of something else besides amusement. With that love of order which is a distinguished trait of their nation, they established districts, each under its own elected magistrate; they repressed any disposition which showed itself on the part of the people to maltreat the loyalist inhabitants, if, indeed, such disposition existed, as the bishop affirms. A provincial government was at once established, with Mr. Moore, of Moore Hall, as president, and proclamations were issued in the name of the "Irish Republic."

From the terror which this handful of French troops inspired, we may form some idea of the effects which might have followed the landing of even Humbert's little force anywhere in the south of Ireland, while the Wexford men were gallantly holding their own county; or we may conjecture what might have been the result if Humbert had brought with him ten thousand men instead of one thousand, even in that month of August, crushed as the people had been by the savage suppression of their insurrection; or if Grouchy had marched inland with his six thousand men, at the moment when the people were eager to begin the rising, and the English had but three thousand regular troops in the island. It seemed as if England was destined to have all the luck, and either by favor of the elements or the miscalculations of her enemies, to escape one after another, the deadly perils that forever beset her empire.

As it was, the arrival of Humbert, even followed by so brilliant a victory, was really so much profit to the British government. Barrington truly remarks:

"The defeat of Castlebar, however, was a victory to the viceroy; it revived all the horrors of the rebellion which had been subsiding, and the desertion of the militia regiments tended to impress the gentry with an idea that England could alone protect the country."

The Marquis of Cornwallis determined to collect a great army and march in imposing force; but he did not hasten his movements as much as it was thought he might have done, and, in the meantime, the French and insurgents were profiting by the delay. It was said that forty thousand of the Westmeath people were preparing to assemble at the Crooked Wood, in that county, so as to join the French on their passage, and march on to the metropolis.

At length the Marquis was ready, and having assured himself of the presence of twenty thousand men on his line of march, he thought himself strong enough to encounter the eight hundred audacious Frenchmen and their Irish allies. These latter were by no means increasing, but rather diminishing since the days of Castlebar, and, indeed, at no time exceeded two thousand men—a circumstance which greatly surprised and disgusted the French.

The Marquis proceeded, on the 30th of August, on the road to Castlebar, and arrived on the 4th of September at Holly mount, fourteen miles distant from Castlebar; in the evening of that day he received intelligence that the enemy had abandoned his post and marched to Foxford.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY O'NEILL.

Sincere and heartfelt sympathy is tendered to Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Daly, of No. 220 Walnut street, this city, on account of the death of their respected aunt, Mrs. Mary O'Neill, which sad event occurred recently at their residence. Deceased was born in the county Roscommon, Ireland, seventy-two years ago, and in her early life was a fitting representative of the beautiful and intelligent women of Connacht. Mrs. O'Neill was descended from a famous Irish family who in times when it was treason to love Ireland, and death to defend her, clung with never ceasing constancy and dear devotion to the treasured national instincts of their beloved country. She left Ireland in the full bloom of womanhood—at a time when the brilliancy of the incomparable Young Irelanders was dazzling the soul of the nation, and when Mitchel raised the flag of true national defiance. During her residence in this country deceased reared a most estimable family all of whom are now no more but whose virtues survive in their immediate relatives who loved the venerable deceased with a love that was filial. Deceased was possessed of great mental endowments, rare wit, and varied accomplishments, and although moving within favored social bounds, she was ever reverently mindful of the ancient name and fame of the picturesque land of her nativity. For some time deceased had been in failing health, and all that loving attention and devoted kindness could accomplish failed to prolong her exemplary life. Even when in declining years she still possessed a happy, genial disposition and was engrossed with love for her relatives and in her efforts to guide them in the ways of holy religious truth and honor. She, too, prepared well for great accounting day and hoped to reach

That cherished land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

No tribute of respect and affection paid to her virtues is undeserved and no words can express the kindly feeling entertained by a large circle of friends for one whom they loved in life and whose memory they will not soon cease to revere. The funeral took place from Father Hodnett's church to Calvary. The following were among those present. Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Daly, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Callaghan. May Mrs. O'Neill's soul enjoy eternal happiness. J.W.M.

"Russia's Debt to the Cossacks."

The empire of Russia is an aggregation of many diverse nations and peoples wrested from two continents. Contributory levies have been exacted in the course of time from Turkey, Tartary, Circassia, Persia, China, and the entire domain of Siberia. The chief acquisitions have been secured since the year 1552, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Cossacks, those indomitable and constant allies of the Muscovites, who, from the very beginning of their predatory incursions have constantly pushed their way into new territory until they finally overran the whole immense region which stretches from the northern boundary of China to the Arctic Ocean and eastward from the Ural Mountains to Bering Sea.—*From "The Alaska Fur Trade," by Charles Hallock, in New England Magazine for May.*

"Don't feel well," and yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor,—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness.

HEROIC DEFENSE

Of the Irishtown at Athlone, in Spite of the Unlimited Resources of Gen. Ginckel.

Miss Banim's Story Reads Like a Chapter From the Siege of Saragossa.

"Next morning—it was Sunday, June 28—the Irish saw with consternation that barely a few planks more laid on would complete the bridge. Their own few cannon were now nearly all buried in the ruined masonry, and the enemy beyond had battery on battery trained on the narrow spot—it was death to show in the line of the all but finished causeway!

"Out stepped from the ranks of Maxwell's regiment a sergeant of dragoons, Custume by name. 'Are there ten men here who will die with me for Ireland?' A hundred eager voices shouted 'Aye.' 'Then,' said, 'we will save Athlone; the bridge must go down.'

"Grasping axes and crowbars, the devoted band rushed from behind the breastwork, and dashed forward upon the newly-laid beams. A peal of artillery—a fusillade of musketry—from the other side, and the space was swept with grape-shot and bullets. When the smoke cleared away the bodies of Custume and his ten heroes lay on the bridge, riddled with balls. They had torn away some of the beams, but every man of the eleven had perished!

"Out from the ranks of the same regiment dashed as many more volunteers. 'There are eleven more men who will die for Ireland.' Again across the bridge rushed the heroes. Again the spot is swept by a murderous fusillade. The smoke lifts from the scene; nine of the second band lie dead upon the bridge—two survive, but the work is done! The last beam is gone! Athlone once more is saved!"—(A. M. Sullivan, "Story of Ireland.")

In a few bald lines Story gives this last glorious scene upon the bridge of Athlone, yet his few words tell us that these gallant men accomplished

THEIR HEROIC WORK

"*malgre all our Firing and Skill.*" I have italicized the words because they mean so much; twenty-two men against "all our Firing and Skill!"

The side of the Shannon should have its monument on the spot where either end of that old bridge touched—that on the Leinster side to Col. Fitzgerald and his brave garrison; that on the Connaught bank to Custume and the heroes who died with him; for surely it would be difficult to find, the world over, one town having such deeds of heroic bravery to record as Athlone could write upon these tablets. And, lest any should bring forward the misstatement made by the Williamite historian, namely, that Custume and his fellow martyrs were Scots, I will, even at the risk of being thought tedious, quote one passage more from O'Callaghan's Green Book: "Independent of several other arguments that might be adduced against his (Story's) statement, the simple fact of Maxwell's having been a Scotchman is no proof that his regiment was entirely Scotch, since Ireland, so far from being able to get any Scotch troops to assist her, was obliged to send over a number of Irish to Scotland to assist Dundee, under Col. Alexander Cannon, and Irishman, and Maj. Gen. Thomas Buchan; and, in short, the mere mention of such names as Lieut. Col. Daniel Mageenis and Maj. Callaghan among the officers of Maxwell's regiment (which was one of dragoons) sufficiently shows that that regiment was not Scotch."

Custume and his comrades had won what they gave their lives for. Again that powerful besieging army was repulsed, and, with renewed courage, the Irish "worked like horses" all that Sunday, making formidable defenses out of the very wreck around them. Meanwhile the Williamite generals

HELD A COUNCIL OF WAR

in their camp and made the final arrangements for a general assault on the town, the attack to commence at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 29th, under command of Maj. Gen. Mackay. One strong body was to work its way by a covered gallery across the bridge; a second was to cross the Shannon by means of a bridge of pontoons, while, a little below the town, and where a wide breach in the walls would favor their entrance, a third party, guarded by a strong body of horse, was to cross the ford. The soldiers were to assemble in the early morning "all was to be done with the greatest silence and secrecy imaginable" and to aid their courage money was lavishly bestowed among the soldiery. The watchword that night was "Kilkenny."

During the night a deserter from the English ranks made his way to St. Ruth's camp, and as the attacking party noiselessly assembled under the walls of the Leinster town they saw the Irish army marching into Athlone from the camp, prepared once again to defy the mighty force of England.

The general attack by bridge, pontoons and ford was to have been made simultaneously, but the boats were not in readiness for some hours. Meanwhile the cannonading went on with redoubled vigor, and once more the battle raged upon the old bridge, the grenadiers of both sides fighting furiously, galling each other with their fire; the one body from behind their covered gallery trying to force a passage across the broken arch, the other as firmly repelling every effort until finally the grenades of the Irish set fire to the breastworks on the arch, and the enemy, choked and blinded with smoke and flame, drew off,

THE SOLDIERS RETURNING

to camp sick and dispirited at these repeated failures. As for the generals their own historian says: "Nor knew they well what to think at present seeing themselves defeated in so great a project."

Long and anxious was the consultation held that afternoon in the Williamite camp. Some were for immediately retreating with the whole army. The Duke of Wirtemberg, Mackay, and three others urged yet one more attempt rather than face the disgrace and discouragement of retiring beaten at the very commencement of the campaign. These generals ordered the attacking party yet under arms to remain in readiness; still it is highly probable that in face of the general discouragement of the forces no further attempt would have been carried out, but for the miserable mistake made by St. Ruth, and, at this very juncture, communicated to Ginckel and his council by two officers from the Irish garrison—traitors "who swam the river and assured the general that now was his time, for that the enemy was mighty secure, thinking that having destroyed our works on the bridge, we were at a stand what to do, and would certainly draw off since they thought it impossible to attempt the passing of the river in the face of all their works, and their army so near; that three of the most indifferent regiments in the Irish army were only then upon guard, the rest being all very secure in their camp." (Story).

Immediately every preparation was made to seize upon the instant the "lucky omen," as the Williamite chaplain calls the news brought by the traitors as to the state of things in the Irish camp. Great appears to have been the eagerness of every officer on the English side now to gain such easy glory; even as volunteers they were ready to rush into the Shannon, at the spot which they had ascertained was fordable, for a long, dry season had brought the waters lower than they had ever been known before, and some days previously three Danish soldiers under sentence of death had been offered their lives if—under cover of a pretended fire, as if they were deserters—they would enter the Shannon and try to find a ford. This the Danes had succeeded in doing. Moreover, again guineas were liberally distributed among the soldiery of attacking party, "the general knowing the powerful influence of gold," and we must remember that one guinea then was equal to ten now. All was done with the utmost expedition, and the tolling of St. Mary's bell was to give the signal for the onslaught on what they knew to be an almost defenseless town.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

MALLEY IS AMUSED

Over the Unfortunate Conflict Between Irish Factions at Thurles, Tipperary.

[*New York Tribune Cable, May 3.*]

Thurles was this time selected by the Parnellites and anti Parnellites as the scene of their usual Sunday fight. It seems to have been the liveliest engagement that has yet taken place between these contending factions. Thurles is regarded by one side as holy ground. Archbishop Croke resides there, and fierce was the wrath of the priest and the priestly party when Mr. Parnell announced that he would speak beneath the wall of the archbishop's palace. They saw in this announcement a gross insult to that venerable prelate, who is perhaps the hottest firebrand among all the Irish bishops. So they went out to do battle against the invader. The Parnellites, not waiting to be attacked, put their foes suddenly to flight. The beaten champions of priestly rule sent for reinforcements, reformed their procession, started again for the palace, and again were set upon, routed, driven off the field, and had to endure the indignity of seeing their retreat covered by some of Mr. Balfour's brutal minions—in other words, by the police. Finally they reached their goal and were thanked by the archbishop for having shown his enemies that he was not to be insulted with impunity. Irish humor is not yet extinct.

The Irish bishop's speech deserves to be read, every word of it, by every friend of Home Rule, but I can only cull a few words of his flowers of speech. "We used to be formidable alike to the foreign foe and to the domestic oppressor," said he. "What has shorn us of our strength?" Dean Kinane answered, "Kitty O'Shea," and there were cheers. "We have been," continued his Grace of Cashel, "the wonder of Europe, the admiration of America. What are we today? Disowned by the one and a laughing stock to the other. The wicked Mr. Parnell has done it all. For his own miserable gratification he has sold the pest, preferring an ignoble and licentious life in London to the liberation and advancement of his too confiding countrymen."

Mr. Parnell, who was expected at Thurles, missed this exhilarating scene by missing his train. He went on to Clonmel and spoke there. His address breathed defiance and every confidence in his own success, but was chiefly remarkable for two interesting inside views of recent political history. He was always, he now says, opposed to the plan of campaign. Why? Because it was dishonest, immoral, and condemned by the Pope? O, no. Because he doubted its practicability. His doubt has now become certainty. The tenants evicted under the plan of campaign are suffering and there is no money to relieve their sufferings. None of the "wretched English Liberals, not even Mr. Labouchere, will help them. Mr. Gladstone, like Mr. Parnell, was opposed at first to the plan of campaign. He sent Parnell a message that it was ruining them in England and must not be extended. It was extended only because Mr. Gladstone and the English Liberal party after a while thought that they could make political capital out of the tenants' sufferings." This assertion is, says Mr. Gladstone, so far as it relates to him, "totally without foundation."

The number of these assertions and counter assertions exchanged by the two leaders who were so lately in close alliance is becoming considerable. Mr. Parnell throws on Mr. McCarthy all the blame for refusing to allow the Paris funds to be used for suffering tenants. Mr. McCarthy in turn accuses Mr. Parnell of suspecting as to keep this money, now over $200,000, lying idle. More than that, says Parnell, the McCarthyites prevent evicted tenants from taking fair terms when offered by the landlord. "They think the greater the ruin that overtakes the evicted tenants, the greater the political capital they will be able to make out of it." He absolves Mr. McCarthy himself, and Mr. Dillon, and Mr. O'Brien, too, from this sin. It is their followers who force them into a policy they disapprove.

Then Mr. Parnell, for the first time since this dispute began, says a word about the priests. He speaks with extreme moderation of men who show none to him, but addresses to them this warning: "I say that it must be patent to everybody, and the recent English elections show it, that if the forces which the seceders have brought into play to retain their desperate position are to be used as they have been used in the last two months, then it will be not the loss or delay of Home Rule, but within our generation we may bid farewell to Irish liberty, Irish aspirations, Irish hopes."

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The cornerstone of the new St. Mary's Catholic Church, on the corner of Oak avenue and Lake street, in Evanston, was laid with appropriate ceremonies Sunday afternoon. Archbishop Feehan officiated. The clergy from the city were met at South Evanston by St. Charles Court, No. 44, Catholic Order of Foresters, of Evanston; St. Henry's Court, No. 51, and Mallinckrodt Court, No. 71, of South Evanston. This procession, preceded by the Northwestern Cornet Band of Lake View and the St. Joseph Cornet Band of Wilmette, followed by the visiting clergymen in carriages, went directly to the grounds. Headed by the cross bearer and acolytes, the priests and archbishop, the line marched within the four walls of the foundation. At the south end of this a temporary altar had been erected. The blessing of the altar, and the laying and blessing of the corner stone were followed by the ceremony of blessing the walls by the archbishop, assisted by the other clergy. Rev. D. F. Riordan then delivered a short address on the purposes to which the edifice was consecrated. Archbishop Feehan closed the services with a few remarks, in which he congratulated the parishioners on the success of their efforts thus far and their bright prospects for the future under the care of their venerable pastor, Father Donohue. The visiting clergymen were: Revs. D. F. Riordan, F. S. Hennebery, D. T. McCaffrey, John McNamee, of Chicago; F. Wortallik, A. Erk, M. Deenees, of Dixon, Ill.; S. P. Pancratius, L. Tichero, N. Greenebaum, of South Evanston; William Netstster, of Wilmette; P. J. Muldoon, E. J. Dunne, of Chicago. Capt. J. McAsey and Miss Ann McAsey, of Chicago, were also present.

The building is of Lemont limestone, of the Gothic style of architecture, and will cost nearly $50,000. The main auditorium will have a seating capacity of 800. A large number of citizens of Evanston have financially greatly aided the erection of the church.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions have been adopted by Division No. 9, A. O. H., of South Chicago, relative to the death of their deceased brother, Patrick Fitzgerald:

WHEREAS, The Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take from our midst our beloved and highly esteemed brother, Patrick Fitzgerald; be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Fitzgerald our society loses one of its most faithful and honorable members, the community a just and upright citizen, and his family a fond husband and tender parent.

Resolved, That we deeply mourn the death of Brother Fitzgerald, and earnestly pray that in the life beyond the grave, he is now reaping the reward which we hope his honest life here amply merited.

Resolved, That to the bereaved wife and children we extend our sincere sympathy in their dire distress.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our society, and also be published in THE CITIZEN and the *Daily Calumet*.

P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER,
J. P. HANRAHAN,
Committee on Resolutions.

At a football match in Tipperary a young man named John Ciery received a kick in the stomach from the effects of which he shortly afterwards died.

Not many physicians make great therapeutic discoveries. For the most part they content themselves with administering judiciously what is prescribed in the books. To Dr. J. C. Ayer, however, is due the credit of discovering that greatest of blood purifiers—Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The American Eagle must be a gay old bird—he is bald. If you don't want to be bald, use Hall's Hair Renewer, and you won't be. Try it.

THE BEST medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach all the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past obliges us to admit that only one remedy has met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. The most distressing symptoms yield to it.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

To the man under sentence of death, reprieve comes with overwhelming sensation; to the soldier, badly wounded on the battlefield, the intimation that the wound is not mortal brings joy exceeding; but it is doubtful if either of these can compare with the exultation, the radiant sense of success, that filled the breast of Trevor Mortimer as he stood up at the little breakfast party in Leinster House, when they had returned from the church, to respond to the toast of his health.

There was a feeling of success—that he had overcome all the thousand nameless perils and dangers that encompassed him by the sheer force of his own strength of will and resolution. He was like the storm tossed mariner, who after a long disastrous voyage, and in the teeth of a hurricane, sees his good ship sweeping into the haven-mouth and to safe anchorage.

He was safe now. Despite all that man could do, he was safe. And it was, therefore, with an exultant heart, and with a radiant countenance, that he stood before the little family group returning thanks.

"It is the proudest moment of my life," he said—and well he might. "Wedded to one who was my sole and only love——"

But at this moment a light phaeton drove hurriedly up to the door, and a gentleman, tossing the reins to his servant, descended quickly from it and ascended the steps.

In a moment more a knock came to the door of the drawing room. Lord Edward himself went to open it—not caring to have their happiness disturbed by the intrusion of strangers. But it was only one of the servants.

"Well?" said the young nobleman rather angrily.

"A gentleman wants to see your lordship."

"I cannot see him. Tell him I am most particularly engaged. Who is he?"

"Sir George Ponsonby, my lord."

"Oh! Sir George—eh? Where is he?"

"In the Yellow room. He is most anxious to see your lordship, closing the door after him carefully, and descended to the apartment mentioned.

"Well, Sir George," said he, shaking hands warmly with the new arrival. "I am glad to see you. You must excuse me if I cannot spare you much time. There is a wedding, at which some friends of your's——"

"It is about that wedding I called to see you, my lord——"

"It is quite a private and hurried affair, also you, Sir George, being, I believe, like myself, a relative of the fair bride, should have been present; but as I said——"

"Present! my lord! Then I should have been present at one of the greatest acts of scaundrelism that ever—— Do you know that Mortimer is married already, and that his wife is living?"

"Hush! Sir George," said Lord Edward, as he glanced at the excited face of his friend, "these are wild words—and at such a time, too!"

"But they are true, Lord Edward," said Ponsonby passionately. "Perfectly true! There never was a baser or more scoundrelly act perpetrated than this ceremony just concluded. It is an outrage upon all that is innocent and——"

"This is too absurd," said the nobleman quietly, attributing these vehement expressions to some cause other than the right one. "I must ask you—I must, ask you—I must, indeed—not to make use of such expressions."

"Do you think I am speaking what is not true, my lord?" said the impetuous baronet, rapidly hastening to that state of temper in which it made little matter to him with whom he quarrelled.

"Peace, George, peace! Remember the place and the occasion."

"But I do remember them. It is because I remember them that I am here. But, my lord!" said he pausing, "I see there is no use in further addressing you on the subject. I must see Helen Barrington myself."

"You must be aware," said Lord Edward coldly, for his sense of what was decorous and becoming had been grievously outraged, "that Lady Mortimer is not to be disturbed now."

"Lady Mortimer!" said Ponsonby, with great contempt—the name seeming to call up every sensation of loathing and repugnance he was capable of—"I tell you she is no more Lady Mortimer—though all the clergymen in Dublin assisted at the ceremony—than she is Lady Fitzgerald or Lady Ponsonby. But I must see her. I shall not leave this house, except by force, until I do. If there be no one else to protect this poor girl, by the Heavens above me!—I will!"

"The young nobleman looked at him steadily for a few seconds. Then, impressed by the firmness, the determination, and the passionate resolve thereon, he said: "I think I had better call in Sir Trevor. He has a right to hear this."

"Do so, my lord. Bring him here."

Lord Edward rang the bell. The same servant appeared. Desiring him to whisper Sir Trevor out, he disappeared, and, in second or two after, the baronet entered the apartment.

"Sir Trevor," said Lord Edward, carefully closing the door, "I sent for you because I though it fitting that you should hear what Sir George Ponsonby has to say. Before it goes further, I may say that I am convinced he is mistaken; but still it is right that you should hear him, and relieve his mind——"

"About that note of hand," said Sir Trevor. "I may acquaint Sir George," said he with ill concealed haughtiness and exultance, "that but for my unavoidable absence in the country it would have been paid long since. Tomorrow I shall——"

"You quite mistake, sir," said the baronet, "I did not come here to speak of money matters or gambling debts. I came here, as an Irish gentleman should, to extend the hand of friendship and protection to a young girl who is being cruelly deceived."

"And who may that be?"

"The young girl whom you went through the mock ceremony of marriage with this morning."

"I think there is no need to listen further to the gentleman's rhapsodies," said Sir Trevor, moving away contemptuously towards the door.

"Nay," said Sir George, intercepting him, and placing his back to it, "no one shall leave the room until I have said what I have to say."

Sir Trevor Mortimer's face reddened, and the moment after grew very white. It would be difficult to say which hue exhibited the deadlier state of passion or anger. A rapid movement of his hand to his breast pocket, as if he searched for something there—a pistol or a dagger; but he was in his wedding suit, and there was nothing in it. So he stood still, and—still with singularly white face—listened to the intruder.

"My lord," said the latter, "it was only last night I learned—how I cannot say now, nor have I time to tell—that this gentleman was already married. It came to me from one who had somehow heard that he was about to wed Helen Barrington, and who knew the whole circumstances and placed the proofs in my hands. Yes, married—to a young French girl, a former visitor of the Barrington's, and a friend. Aided by the ministrations of an old hag, that once——"

Sir George Ponsonby had let his rage get so for the better of him that his voice failed him at this point. Taking advantage of the pause, Trevor Mortimer said with a sneer to which his manner and white face lent an indescribable tone of insult:

"It is false. This gentleman has been up all night and is dreaming!"

"It is true, every word of it. True as God is in heaven!"

"It is false!" said Sir Trevor' "false as a vile and lying tongue can make it."

Ponsonby lost all control of himself, perhaps made to do so the more by the coolness and calm demeanor of the other. It was a case of cool villainy against honest indignation.

"Villain and scoundrel, it is true!" he shouted, at the same time as, elevating his arm, he brought the back of his extended hand down with great force on the face of his opponent.

The blow was strong and scalding, and for a moment stars shone in clusters before Sir Trevor Mortimer's eyes.

"See this, Lord Edward! Bear witness to this!" he cried savagely, all his previous coolness totally gone. "He has struck me!—He has struck me, I say! I call you to witness he has struck me!"

"Ponsonby, Ponsonby!" Lord Edward could only say in dire amazement.

"I have to apologize to your lordship for my hastiness, and for taking such liberty in your house, my lord," said Ponsonby, who now recovered his coolness.

"There must be satisfaction for this," said Mortimer, hoarsely.

"You must have it at any moment," said Sir George. "Where shall it be?—and when?"

"This forenoon," said Sir Trevor whilst a gleam of malignant satisfaction shot through his eyes. His face seemed to have grown paler and white, save where Ponsonby's blow had left it heated and flushed. "By the yew tree in the park. In an hour's time."

"I shall be there," said Ponsonby, as he opened the door. "Excuse me, my lord, I did not intend this scene when coming. *Au revoir.*"

And walking gravely down the broad marble stairs, Sir George stepped into his phaeton and was whirled away.

"This is an extraordinary business," said Lord Edward, when their visitor had left. "Of course there is no foundation for——"

"My lord, I have no time, as you can understand, for much talking now. Send Sir Laurence Parsons to me, and make apologies to the ladies for my absence. Say government business, or something of that kind. I shall be back in two hours."

Sir Laurince Parsons, who was best man on the occasion, was speedily by his side, and they were soon driving rapidly towards the park. On the way they stopped for a few minutes at Mortimer's quarters at the Castle, when the latter shortly emerged with a small mahogany case under his arm.

"Parsons," said he, after they had resumed their rapid journey, "feel my hand."

Parsons took his hand in his.

"Is it cold?"

"Yes, quite cold."

"Is it firm?"

"As iron."

"Does it tremble any?"

"None at all."

"That's right," said Sir Trevor, whilst the hurt part of his face grew more flushed, and the other more yellow white.

"You will only pink him," said Parsons with a shudder, as he noticed this expression. "In the shoulder or the hip. You will not kill him?"

But Sir Trevor, clutching the case as if he would drive thumb and fingers through its mahogany sides, bent over his face to the other, put his white firm lips to his ear, and hissingly whispered:

"I will. Perdition seize my soul if I don't!"

There was no other word spoken, they were driving too fast for that, until they reached the yew tree in the park. There they found Ponsonby and his friend awaiting them.

Unlike the usual formalities in cases of the kind, there were no blows interchanged or words spoken. In an atmosphere so charged with malignant intention and deadly hate as almost to be felt, the preliminaries were arranged, and the two took their places.

"Parsons," said Sir Mortimer in a whisper, before he stepped to his place, "watch where I shall send the ball. Straight in the centre of his forehead. Keep your eye on it."

The signal was given, and both parties fired. Parsons' fascinated eyes were upon the spot indicated. As he looked it seemed to him that a shadow had passed—an instantaneous shadow—across it.

He shut his eyes involuntarily, and as if under a dreadful spell; but opened them as quickly before the wreathing smoke had time to ascend and shut out his gaze. There was no mark on Ponsonby's forehead; he stood upright; but a thick rush of blood from his side temple showed where the bullet had skimmed it.

Parsons turned towards his friend. He, too, was upright; but the ascending smoke shut out view of his features.

"Both unhurt," he thought. "I hope it is over now."

He was about to move towards Sir Trevor, who stood stock still where he stood, when, suddenly, he placed his left hand hurriedly on his side; the smoking pistol fell from his right hand, and after a spasmodic step backwards he fell, with heavy leaden thud, on the broad of his back.

Parsons hastily tore open his dress. There was a small blue wound under the nipple of the left breast.

He then looked at his face—at his eyes.

"It is all over," he said. "Mortimer is dead."

It was even so. It was all over. Out through the blue mark Mortimer's life—or soul—or whatever it was—had sped forth: who knew whither?

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC.

"An Irish Variant of 'Master of all Masters.'"

[*Rev. James Keegan in March Number of "Folklore."*

A scholar called one evening at the house of a farmer and asked for a night's lodging. The farmer, to test his progress in his studies, asked him the names of various things in Irish:

Farmer—What do you call me?

Scholar—Fear an tighe, "Man of the house."

F—No. Righ 'n tighe, "King of the house." What do you call that—the dog?

S—Madadh no cu no gadhair.

F—No. Sodair, "trotting"—a dog trots. What do you call these shoes?

S—Broga.

F—No. Sceair boinn, "Comfort of the soles." What do you call that—the fire?

S—Teinne no lasair.

F—No. Gloir, "Glory." Fire sparkles and shines like glory. What do you call that—the end of the house?

S—Beinn tighe, "Peaked end of the house."

F—No. Toin an tighe, "Buttock of the house." What do you call that—water?

S—Uisge, "Water."

F—No. Iomadamhlacht, "Abundance," because water is so abundant. What do you call this—house?

S—Teach, "House."

F—No. Somas, "Comfort." A house is comfortable.

After they had gone to bed the scholar rose, greased the farmer's shoes, which the dog began to eat. The scholar went out and set fire to the end of the house, and spoke the following lines:

"Righ 'tighe biodh de shuidhe,
Dusdh sodar sceair boinn
Tá coiladh trom air ailiin
Ta an gloire i d-toin somas
Mar a sabhalfaidh an iomadamhlacht
Beidh do rioghacht doite."

Translation—

"King of the house, be sitting (getting) up,
The trotting (dog) has eaten the comfort of the soles,
There is heavy sleep on Ailiin (the house keep, the fair),
The glory is in the buttock of the comfort (end of the house)
If the plenty (water) will not save (it)
Thy kingdom will be burned."

This queer pedagogish puzzle I got from a Father Moran, born about fifty years ago at Fermanagh. He heard it from his mother.

J. KEEGAN.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block Rochester, N. Y.*

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OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not and I return no more.

JNO. J. INGALLS.

But fail ye not in this respect.
Seize every OPPORTUNITY to travel
Over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.
This is the advice of

GEO. H. HEAFORD,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

We are often deceived in the age of people having beautiful and luxuriant hair, not knowing that they use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep gray hairs away.

Cynics May Not Enjoy Pickwick Papers.

Why criticize "Pickwick?" The interpolated stories are distracting and tiresome; skip the stories. The Fleet episode is not comparable in power or effect to the Marshalsea scenes in "Little Dorritt." But skip the Fleet. All the rest remains a priceless treasure. How are we to decide with the cocksurness of a Fitzgerald that this thing is exaggerated and that unnatural? Let us take a Book as we find it. The moment you apply the principles and the standards of real life the illusion vanishes. Not the least marvelous characteristic of the author's genius is the sureness with which he stills you spellbound in his enchanted pleasance.

So long as the magic holds, you travel with pleasure in the coaches; you go with rapture to Dingley Bell; you admire young ladies with fur round their boots; you applaud Sam Weller; you thank heaven and Charles Dickens for Mr. Weller the elder, and you lavish your hopes and fears on Mr. Pickwick himself. But try to place the characters in the real world, and you find you have to deal with "impossibles," who perambulate the country tippling ale, brandy and water and punch, who kiss the servant maids, whose womenkind are as "impossible" as themselves, and whose circumstances and surroundings are distinguished by nothing save an uninviting plenty. To the dyspeptic who thus essays to "realize" these friends from youth to middle age, these heroes of the one great Cockney epic, the posthumous papers of the Pickwick club are not to be recommended. For those thrice fortunate that boast themselves eupeptic they are the most invigorating tonic.—National Observer.

How Do You Bow?

Did you ever watch people bow? It is quite a study to note the variety of facial contortions and the divergence as to the method of bobbing the head.

You have probably noticed the dignified little bend of the head accompanied by a passive countenance. It does not mean much, and when it does the special graces and commendable virtues are not indicated in the definition. A genial bow has as much to account for as a hearty hand clasp, and one frigid recognition has been known to drench a sprouting friendship with ice water and kill it on the spot.

Heads are often tossed back and then bent down, and I have taken delight in observing a man who opens his mouth as if to facilitate the tilting of his head. On some occasions a greeting is given by a solemn wagging of the head, just as people in some localities shake hands with a motion from side to side.

With a few people the whole face lights up as they greet their friends, and to those cheery, whole souled mortals we give an unasked and voluntary confidence. Lips can be curled into a fairly good imitation of a smile. Eyes can be danced into a dreary semblance of mirth. Words can be strung together by the brain and uttered in tones of counterfeited joy, but we can read the falseness and mark the absence of heart on every feature.

Those who are glad to see us rarely disguise the fact, and those who are not can scarcely force our belief from resting upon the foundation of a perhaps disagreeable truth.—Toronto Globe.

A Break in the Proceedings.

Mrs. Slimson—I don't understand, Willie, how you should have worn your clothes out so sliding down hill. Didn't you use your sled?

Willie—Yes, 'm. All but the last time.—Harper's Young People.

Fire Among Savage Nations.

According to Pliny fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptian tribes, and when a celebrated astronomer made them acquainted with that element and how to produce it they were wild with delight. The Persians, Phenicians, Greeks and several other nations acknowledge that their ancestors were once without the comforts which fire bestows; the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pompanion, Mola, Plutarch and other ancient writers speak of nations which, at the time when they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just recently learned it.

The inhabitants of the Marian islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire or its uses. Their astonishment knew no bounds when they saw it applied to wood, most of them taking it to be some kind of an animal which the sailors had brought with them and which must be fed on wood.—St. Louis Republic.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

ANOTHER BLOODY RIOT.

Strikers Attack Officials of the Frick Company,

ONE OF THE RIOTERS SHOT DEAD.

Superintendent Gray and Pit Boss Callahan Surrounded by a Howling Mob of Huns and Slavs and Compelled to Use Their Fire-Arms—One Man Killed and Another Dangerously Wounded—Strike Situation in New York.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., May 4.—Sheriff McCormick returned at noon Monday from Leisenring No. 3, works, where a fatal encounter occurred between the strikers and the officials of the Frick company Sunday evening. The sheriff reports that the body of the Slav who was killed is yet lying in the field. His alleged slayer has been arrested. The Slavs, in great numbers, had been drinking all afternoon and went to the carpenter shop where the company kept the men who had been at work and induced them to go to Hun Row to drink beer. Not returning, Superintendent Gray and Pit Boss Callahan went after them and found that the strikers had locked the men up in one of the company houses. Gray and Callahan finally released their men and started back to the carpenter shop.

One of the Rioters Killed.

When half way back they were surrounded by a mob of Hungarians, who, with clubs and stones, began driving them back to the Hungarian row. A general fight followed in which several shots were fired. One of the strikers was struck in the forehead, causing his death in a few moments. The dead man has a wife and six children in Hungary. Pitt Boss Callahan was charged with the killing and is under arrest. Another striker was dangerously wounded. Sheriff McCormick has just received word that his deputies have been run off by a mob at Broadford, where the deputies went to make evictions.

OTHER LABOR MATTERS.

The Housesmiths' Strike at New York—Molders Strike in Sympathy.

NEW YORK, May 4.—Sunday in this city was not a day of rest for the strikers. The men met in saloons and on the corners and discussed the situation. They say they will not give in to the bosses. The Central Labor union held a meeting in Clarendon hall in the afternoon, and delegates from a great many trades unions were present. Resolutions were passed upholding the strikers. The boss framers also held a meeting, and decided to advertise for 700 men.

Want $1 a Day More.

About 500 molders struck Monday in sympathy with the housesmiths, also a number of carpenters and bricklayers. Four hundred lathers have struck for $4 a day instead of $3. Several hundred carpenters in Newark have gone on strike. Three hundred lumber-handlers in New York struck for ten hours and better wages. There are still 3,500 housesmiths' out, and the framers are also out. Most of the strikers in Brooklyn have won their demands for eight hours and better wages, but the housesmiths are still out.

Situation at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, May 4.—The prospects of a general strike among the carpenters is still excellent. Nearly every union carpenter in the city is idle but no strike has been ordered so far. About 600 painters went on strike Monday morning for 35 cents per hour. Half a dozen firms acceded to the demands and 125 men returned to work. It is expected the balance of the firms in the city will grant the increase asked for.

Cigar Makers on Strike.

CHICAGO, May 4.—Seventeen hundred journeymen cigar makers employed in Chicago went on strike Monday morning for an increase of pay. About one-half of the manufacturers conceded the demands of the union. In all such shops the men returned to work at once. With the firms which have refused the increased pay the fight will be kept up as long as it is possible to maintain it.

Street Car Men on Strike.

NEW YORK, May 4.—The drivers, conductors and stablemen of the Steinway and Hunters Point street railroad in Long Island city are on a strike, and the road was tied up a few minutes after 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The strike is the outcome of trouble between the superintendent of the road and the local assembly of the Knights of Labor of which the men are members.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

Collapse of an Opera House at Troy, Ala.—Killed and Injured.

TROY, Ala., May 1.—The opera house fell in Wednesday afternoon while a party of young people were rehearsing an amateur performance. About twenty persons were buried in the ruins. The dead are: Miss Annie Foster, of Eastman, Ga.; Miss Fannie Lou Starke, only child of Judge R. W. Starke, of Troy. The seriously injured are: Miss Maggie Burnett, lately of Bainbridge, Ga.; Miss Eula Downing. Others were hurt, but not seriously. The accident resulted from the spreading of the roof, which was intended to be self-supporting, but was faulty in construction.

Blair Returns to Washington.

CHICAGO, May 1.—Ex-United States Senator Henry W. Blair, who arrived at the Auditorium Wednesday morning en route to China, returned to Washington Thursday. At 8 o'clock Wednesday night he received a dispatch from Secretary Blaine containing a request to that effect. Mr. Blair did not appear at all unpleasantly affected by the change in his plans, which was, however, something of a surprise to him.

Capt. Varney Closely Watched.

LONDON, May 4.—Notwithstanding the high bail he is under, the highest ever exacted in a criminal case in England, Capt. Varney, M. P., is closely watched by the police. The evidence against him is said to be conclusive, not only as to Miss Basket, but many other cases of abduction, and he is certain of a long term in prison.

Suffocated by Smoke.

NEW YORK, May 4.—Mary Tieg, a chambermaid in the Rochester hotel, No. 112 Bleecker street, was suffocated to death by smoke from a small fire which occurred on the top floor of that place early Friday.

TELEPHONE GIRLS MAD.

Those at Detroit Must Give Up Chewing Gum While on Duty.

DETROIT, Mich., May 5.—The girls in the Central telephone exchange are in a frame of mind over the new rules of the company which prohibit the chewing of gum during working hours, interdict flirtatious conversation over the wires, and require them to say "number," instead of "Hello." The day girls, who get $16 per month, are willing to strike, but they are not organized, and fear their chances of success would be very small. The night girls, who get $20 per month, have more time to themselves, but, owing to the nature of their work, can not talk up the matter of striking during working hours, and neither set will trust the other to organize a union. The girls are mad, however, and have been muttering over the new rules ever since they went into effect last Friday. Life without the soul-satisfying chewing gum is a bore.

Exciting Election at Leadville, Colo.

LEADVILLE, Colo., May 5.—One of the most exciting school election contests that ever occurred in this state took place here Monday. The Patriotic Order Sons of America and the Catholics took opposite sides in the fight. The lucky candidate is not yet known. Hundreds of ladies were at the polls and the excitement was intense. The floor in the main building sank six inches and quite a panic occurred, but luckily no one was badly injured. The only serious trouble occurred in the Adelaide district just before the polls closed. John Burns, a deputy sheriff, had some trouble with a man named Ragland. He was about to arrest him, when Ragland fired twice, instantly killing Burns.

Influenza in Europe.

LONDON, May 5.—In Sheffield the influenza epidemic continues unabated. Nottingham has also been attacked by the disease and numerous deaths are reported. The government "whip," Mr. Sidney Herbert, is ill with the malady. Right Hon. and Most Rev. William Connor Magee, D. D., archbishop of York and primate of England, who has for some time past been ill with influenza, died Tuesday. Dr. Magee succeeded to the archbishopric of York in January of the present year. His predecessor was the Most Rev. William Thomson, D. D.

Commercial Telegraph Line.

CHICAGO, May 5.—D. E. Richardson, chairman of the telegraph committee of the Board of Trade, has received a proposition from a reliable construction company to build a four-wire line to New York for considerably less than $500,000. The route would be through Detroit, Toledo, Buffalo, and Rochester. The line would be owned and operated by members of the New York and Chicago exchanges. It would do all kinds of commercial business, but would pay especial attention to business for the exchanges.

Fatally Shot His Partner.

BUTTE, Mont., May 5.—Joe Richards and Dick Combs, partners in a saloon at Centreville, had a dispute about changing "shifts." The dispute waxed warm when Combs struck at Richards. The latter seized a pistol and threatened to fire if Combs made another pass at him. Combs made another rush at Richards and the latter fired at close range, the ball passing through Combs' body from right to left, entering below the lower rib and perforating the liver. The wound is fatal.

Liquor Galore at Haverhill, Mass.

HAVERHILL, Mass., May 5.—Every cell in the police station was occupied Monday night as a result of the first evening of the liquor license. Several fights occurred, and two men had their heads split open. The streets were filled with drunken men and the police had all they could attend to. A well-known business man while under the influence of liquor attempted suicide by taking paris green, but his life was saved by the prompt assistance of the doctors.

Mad Dog in Church.

DETROIT, May 5.—The pastor of the Fort Street Congregational church was just beginning prayer when a vicious-looking dog, which was frothing at the mouth, trotted into the doorway and down the center aisle, snarling and snapping right and left. Everybody was badly frightened and two women fainted. One of the ushers, Judson Tunnison, seized a chair and dealt the cur a blow which stunned him. He was then dragged outside and killed.

An Unknown Vessel Burns at Sea.

NEW YORK, May 5.—The German bark Charles Huling, Capt. Wicke, arrived in port late Sunday evening. The captain states that on April 10 he sighted a vessel on fire. He steered for the scene, and rounded to near the blazing wreck. A boat was sent to the vessel, but there was not a living thing on board. No name could be seen on the stern or bow. The vessel was burned almost to the water's edge, and could not be identified.

Lots of Fools Like Him.

NEWPORT, Ky., May 5.—George Livingston was fatally shot Monday by William Ives, foreman of the elevated railroad. Ives claims that the shooting was accidental. He was carrying a gun, and pointed it at Livingston, thinking the weapon was not loaded. Fourteen buckshot entered Livingston's shoulders and one his breast, the latter being considered the fatal shot.

Three Men Drowned.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 5.—Three men were drowned Monday at the outlet of Braddock's bay, on Lake Ontario. They were at work on the Manitou beach building a drawbridge over the outlet. By some mishap the boat was swamped, throwing the three men into the water. Their names are Noel Sousi, Theodore Forbes, and his brother John Forbes, all of Charlotte.

Will March Whether or No.

BOSTON, May 5.—The Boston Central Labor union has decided that it would march in a body to Franklin park July 4 and hold a mass meeting in the interests of labor whether the city authorities allow them to do so or not. This is the most radical step the Boston organization has ever taken.

Moonshiners Captured.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 5.—United States officers captured Marion Jackson and Sam Pools, two leaders of a gang of moonshiners, with five confederates. A sharp conflict was had and several shots were exchanged. Two large distilleries were discovered and destroyed.

RIOT AT CLEVELAND.

Small Boys Throwing Stones Cause the Trouble.

UNION AND NON-UNION MEN IN IT.

The Disagreement at the Lumber Docks Not Yet Settled—Non-Union Men Compelled to Quit Work—The Forces of Deputies Being Increased in the Coke Region—Superintendent Gray Held for the Killing of Striker John Mahan.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 5.—The trouble in the lumber docks has broken out afresh. An encounter between union and non union lumber shovers took place Tuesday morning at N. Mills & Co.'s dock. The non-union men went to work about 7 o'clock without police protection, and were soon surrounded by a crowd of union men who told them that if they did not quit work they would be made to quit. The men were working in the head of the lumber barge Leader and all came out but one colored workman, who was finally persuaded at the point of a revolver.

One Man Badly Hurt.

While the excitement was at its hight some small boys on the edge of the crowd began throwing stones, and this set both union and non-union men on edge, and, each blaming the other for the stone-throwing, the fighting began. The union cohorts being the larger, soon put the other lumber shovers to flight, and in the melee, George Ruda, a non-union worker, was knocked senseless with a brick. He was carried into an adjoining blacksmith shop and finally came to. He bled profusely, and an ambulance being sent for, he was taken to the Huron Street hospital. Another man was badly hurt, but his name could not be learned before his friends had dragged him off to a place of safety. The mill carpenters have also struck, out of sympathy for the lumber shovers.

IN THE COKE REGION.

Italian Workmen Quit Work and Leave the Locality—Mahan's Funeral.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., May 5.—John Mahan, the striker killed at Leisenring Sunday evening, will be buried Wednesday. His funeral will be made the occasion for a general massing of strikers. The forces of deputies are being largely increased at several points, particularly at Leisenring No. 3. Seventy Italian workmen quit at Whitneys Monday night, and left the region. Two car loads of foreign workmen arrived at Morewood and more are expected. The sheriff's posse is at Bradford continuing the work of evicting the families of strikers.

Superintendent Gray Held.

Tuesday morning twenty-five Hungarian workmen who were taken to Leisenring No. 3 Monday night refused to go to work and left the region. Superintendent Gray, Yard Boss Agnew and Deputy Callahan, charged with the murder of Striker John Mahan, had a hearing Tuesday. Superintendent Gray was held in $4,000. Callahan and Agnew were discharged.

The Housesmiths' Strike.

NEW YORK, May 5.—The housesmiths' strike situation is unchanged. Many of the striking framers have gone to work with non-union men in German shops. The bosses who yielded are Americans and employ only 300 men, while the German bosses employ over 1,200. Nothing new has occurred in the lathers', plasterers' or lumber handlers' strikes.

Carpenters on Strike.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., May 5.—All the carpenters of this city are out on strike for nine hours a day at old wages.

ONE MAYOR TOO MANY.

That Is What Is Troubling Jacksonville, Ills., Just Now.

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., May 5.—This city is just now enjoying the distinction of having two mayors, who at the same time are unable to transact municipal business. April 21 Thomas Knoles (Dem.) was elected mayor, but the outgoing council and mayor refused to approve the new mayor's bond. Mayor Knoles has endeavored to have a meeting of the council, but none of the Republicans have responded to the call. Monday he took possession of the office, safes, records, etc., but the ex-clerk still has possession of the keys. At a meeting of the board of education Monday night, of which the mayor is presiding officer, it was resolved to pay no money unless warrants were signed by Mr. Knoles. The board is Democratic.

The Priest Would Not Prosecute.

CHICAGO, May 5.—The Rev. Father D. D. Hiaben practiced the precepts he teaches when he absolutely refused to prosecute Bob Ferguson for the latter's assault on him Sunday evening. The pugilist was arraigned before Justice Hennessy Tuesday at the Forty-eighth Street police court at 9 o'clock, but there was no one present to prosecute, and the case was postponed until 10. Then the court was informed of the priest's resolution to return good for evil, and reluctantly discharged Ferguson for want of prosecution.

Machine Works Destroyed.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., May 5.—The Albuquerbue Foundry and Machine works were totally destroyed by fire. The fire originated in the boiler room and was no doubt the work of an incendiary. This foundry, which was the largest in the southwest, was started ten years ago by William Smith, now of Denver. The loss is not stated, but will probably reach $300,000.

Three Men Probably Drowned.

DETROIT, Mich., May 5.—Three young men, sons of George Soutag, John E. Manning and John Ranspach, hired a boat in Delray, promising to return it in a short time. Monday morning the boat was found bottom up some distance from the shore. It is feared that they have been drowned.

Robbed by Masked Men.

HAMILTON, Ills., May 5.—Two masked men robbed Capt. Tom Hill, a citizen of Warsaw, while driving from that city with his wife to Keokuk, Iowa. They secured a large sum of money. The robbery was committed in the timber. There is no clew to the robbers.

Costly Blaze at Albany, N. Y.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 5.—The entire building of the Troy Steel and Iron company was destroyed by fire Monday night. Seven Dickson high power engines were ruined. Loss estimated at $800,000.

THE RIOT AT FOURMIES.

Women and Children Shot Down by the Soldiers.

PARIS, May 4.—The details of the labor trouble at Fourmies immensely heightened the political importance of the incident. The fact that six women, several children and eight men were killed on the spot, while twenty were seriously wounded, gives the affair the character of a massacre. The soldiers were merely exposed to stone throwing, but they replied with successive volleys from rifles, inflicting frightful wounds on the victims. The houses exposed to the fire were riddled and there is every sign that reckless and wanton inhumanity was shown by the troops. The local popular commotion is intense, and it finds a response in the growing excitement in every working center.

Had to Fire on the Mob.

In his report to the war department the commander of the troops at Fourmies assumes full responsibility for the action of his men on May Day. He declares that the soldiers were ordered to fire only when it became a raid; and that they were in danger of being either killed or disarmed. He also states that the mob was thrice summoned to disperse before the fatal fire was delivered.

THE FIRE RECORD.

A Blaze at Scranton, Pa., Results in a Loss of $350,000.

SCRANTON, Pa., May 4.—The electric car stables here caught fire Saturday morning, and the building was soon consumed, much valuable machinery and cars being totally destroyed. The flames communicated to St. Paul's church but the building was saved after a desperate struggle. The office of The Republican then caught, and so rapid was the spread of the flames that the printers at work had to flee from their cases. The magnificent building was soon gutted, and only a part of the paper could be issued. The total loss will reach $350,000; well insured.

Conflagration in a Minnesota Town.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 4.—A special to The Journal from Lyle, Minn., says: A big fire is raging in this town and threatens to burn the whole village. It started at 10 o'clock in the morning and has burned the Milwaukee and St. Paul depot, the elevator and many other buildings. The Kansas City depot is now threatened. The Austin fire department has been called upon for assistance. The loss cannot be estimated at this time.

HOME AND AWAY AGAIN.

"Old Hutch" Returns to Chicago and Then Leaves for the East.

CHICAGO, May 4.—Benjamin Peter Hutchinson, who returned to the city Saturday evening, at 7:20 o'clock, on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois train from Terre Haute, was around his usual haunts in the neighborhood of the board of trade Sunday. Mr. Hutchinson, after leaving the train Saturday night at Forty-ninth street and going to a room at 4036 State street to avoid reporters who he expected would be at the depot to meet him, remained in the room at the number mentioned until about midnight. He then came down town and spent the remainder of the night in his own room in the rear of his office at 23 Sherman street.

Starts for Salem, Mass.

B. P. Hutchinson left the city on a late east-bound train Sunday night to visit his old homestead in the vicinity of Salem, Mass. His friends say he will return in a week and recommence his trade operations, but the general opinion is that he has permanently retired from business.

A WARNING TO BOOMERS.

Secretary Noble's Notice Regarding Crow Indian Reservation Lands.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 1.—Secretary Noble has promulgated a notice relating to the lands in the Crow Indian reservation in Montana ceded by an agreement with those Indians notifying them that none of the ceded lands will be open to settlement or entry (except as stated in the thirty-fourth section of the act of March, 1891) by citizens of the United States until the selections by the Indians, together with the surveys, shall have been made and notice given. It warns all persons not to go upon any lands formerly within the Crow reservation for any purpose whatever. No settlement or other rights can be acquired upon the lands and all persons found unlawfully thereon will be dealt with as trespassers.

His Revenge Was Terrible.

VIENNA, May 4.—A coachman named Schimatualla, at Geustadt, near Vienna, suspected a laborer named Naproalla of courting his fiancee, Frauleiu Kropnitz. He played detective and discovered the pair a few evenings ago hiding in a forge house and exchanging loving carasses. Schimatualla quietly fastened the door so that the couple could not get out. He then set fire to the building and the victims of his hate soon perished in the flames. The people attracted to the spot found Schimatualla hanging dead from a rafter of an adjacent coach house, he having committed suicide.

Will Go on Their Own Hook.

DES MOINES, Iowa, May 1.—The nominating convention of the Iowa Farmers' Independent party will probably be held the first week in June. The convention will consist of ten delegates from each county in the state, or 990 delegates in all, if every county is represented. All existing parties will be ignored. The call is being circulated for signatures and is being signed by members of all the Farmers' organizations.

One Drowned the Other Scalded.

MOUNT VERNON, Ills., May 4.—A 1-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Ellis, of Rome, fell into a tub of soapsuds and was drowned.

HOLLAND, Mich., May 4.—A 3-year-old boy of Harm Bonselaar was scalded to death by falling into a kettle of boiling water.

Burned to a Crisp.

CHICAGO, May 4.—While Charles Kade was japanning some machine fixtures a can of crude mineral oil used in the composition of the japning fluid caught fire and exploded, the contents covering Kade, who, before assistance could be rendered, was burned to a crisp.

Three Girls Burned to Death.

NEW YORK, May 2.—Lillie Hammond, Mamie Lynch and Jenney Hartley, young women employed in Kramers fire works factory at 903 Union avenue, were burned to death by an explosion of powder Friday. The building was but slightly damaged.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

St. Louis will build a $1,000,000 Catholic cathedral. Work will begin after Archbishop Kenrick's golden jubilee. The edifice will rival St. Patrick's in New York.

The big tree taken from the Monmouth forest of California for the Chicago World's fair is ninety-nine feet in circumference.

Fire damaged the state normal school at Whitewater, Wis., $20,000. Insurance, $50,000.

At Elizabethtown, Ky., William Showers was shot dead by Charles Moore, his brother-in-law, who accused Showers of killing his sister.

Canadian officers who were sent to Isle aux Coudres to seize $60,000 worth of smuggled liquors were allowed to land, but the inhabitants surrounded the contraband goods and refused to allow the officers to approach them.

The coroner's jury in the case of the recent accident on the Wisconsin Central railway near Waukesha, Wis., has returned a verdict holding the company responsible for the accident, which is said to have been caused by defective ties.

The visible supply of wheat and corn is, respectively, 22,343,563 and 2,464,482 bushels, being an increase of wheat since last report of 157,456 bushels, and an increase of corn of 825,585 bushels.

During a wind and rain storm at West Superior, Wis., several buildings were wrecked, and Robert Biggerstaff was fatally injured.

Henry Sheer, a wealthy farmer living at Milliston, Wis., died from the effects of some poison which he was using in his potato field.

Miss Matilda Platts, living with her father in Warren township, St. Joseph county, Miss., disappeared a week ago, and nothing has been heard of her since.

Mrs. Morton, wife of the vice president, and her young daughter, go to Carlsbad for the summer.

James Taggart, a non-union puddler, shot and dangerously wounded a striker who assaulted him at Philadelphia Tuesday.

A joint resolution empowering the general government to acquire title to lands for the construction of the Hennepin canal has been adopted by the Illinois legislature.

The university of Virginia celebrated Jefferson's birthday by giving a holiday for the first time in its history.

Joseph Henry Brackmeyer, a soldier with Blucher at Waterloo, died in a Cincinnati hospital.

Marshal Gunder, a laborer, died at Clinton, Iowa, from the effects of a blow on the head received from the hands of some young fellow of Clinton.

An alligator six feet long was found in the Little Cuyahoga river in Ohio, near Akron, by Professor E. W. Claypole, of Buchtel college.

Sam Barrentine and Wesley Lee, both colored, of Columbus, Miss., have confessed that they attempted to poison Capt. Henry Barrentine last week, and also said they had poisoned Harry West, a wealthy farmer, two years ago.

Peter Beagle, a printer well known in the west, committed suicide at Council Bluffs, Iowa, by shooting himself.

An average improvement of 7½ per cent. in the condition of winter wheat is reported by The Farmers' Review. In Illinois the improvement of the crop is 17 per cent.

At Fall River, Mass., at a mass meeting of stockholders of Hargraves mill, it was voted to erect a new mill to manufacture fine goods. The new factory will have about 3,000 spindles and cost $300,000.

The British troops entered Manipur and found the place totally deserted. In an inclosure was discovered the heads of Commissioner Quinlon and others of the English party.

All the cotton-oil mills in Arkansas, with one exception, are said to have formed a pool, with a capital of $2,000,000.

Sam Anderson, while plowing in his field near Shreveport, La., was shot by parties concealed in a fence corner.

The What Cheer, Iowa, coal fields are to be sold July 31 by order of the courts to discharge an indebtedness of $107,014.37.

D. M. Hart, one of ex-Senator Evarts' private secretaries, is a negro. He is a graduate of Harvard college, and a young lawyer of more than average ability.

James R. Dawson, 66 years old, of Green Point, L. I., who for some time past has been mildly insane, shot his wife, Matilda, aged 65 years, through the cheek and then cut his throat with a razor.

In the race for the Distillers' stakes at Lexington, Ky., Bermuda won, the favorite, Riley, being third. Longshore took second money.

A coal famine is impending in Germany, owing to the strike of the miners. Many manufacturing companies have already shut down.

A wind storm blew down a new three-story brick building at Lincoln, Neb., Wednesday evening.

A Russian imperial decree just issued legitimizes all Christian children, except the issue of adultery, on the marriage of the parents.

This is the twelfth week of the coke strike in Pennsylvania, and the cost thus far is figured at $3,500,000. The men have lost $1,000,000 in wages.

The match at Chicago between Frank C. Ives and Eugene Carter for the championship at 14-inch balk line billiards, Schaefer and Slosson barred, resulted in favor of Ives by a score of 500 to 479, after a very exciting contest.

The Lincoln, Neb., Call has sued the Western Union Telegraph company for nearly $2,000. The allegation is that the paper has been obliged to pay $5 per 100 words for the afternoon Associated Press reports while The State Journal pays only $1.50 for the same service.

A dispath in a London paper from Chili says that a dynamite bomb was thrown at President Balmaceda's palace Tuesday, and that the bomb exploded without doing any damage.

The body of an unknown man was found in a swamp at New Berlin, Ohio. It is supposed to be that of Gottlieb Lehman, who wandered from his home in Canton, Ohio, several days ago.

Tin plate manufacturers of the United States met at New York Wednesday, and formed a temporary organization. A permanent organization will be perfected at Pittsburg, May 20.

A fountain and statue to the memory of Henry Bergh, founder of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was unveiled Wednesday in City Hall square, Milwaukee. Addresses were made by Governor Peck, Henry Bergh, of New York, Edwin Lee Brown, president of the American Humane society, and others.

The Hon. Horace Clinton, successor to Senator Reagan, resigned, will be the first native Texan to sit in the United States senate.

Adolph Miller, of Mount Carmel, Ills., stole $400 from his father's trunk and started for the west.

Albert Johnson, an 8-year-old boy, was severely beaten by a Chinaman whom he was tormenting at Ashland, Wis.

Mrs. Jessie Miller Barton was picked up on the streets of Richmond, Va., where she had been deserted by her husband, whom she married in Missouri. Her husband told her he would leave her and that he had another family in Philadelphia.

Two deputations of Canadian newspaper publishers have asked the government to reduce the duty on American stereotype plates, which was raised abnormally on account of their anti-Canadian tone.

The duty on the importation of foreign wheat into Portugal has been fixed at 10 reis a kilogram, and restrictions on the sale of wheat in the open market have been removed.

The president of Venezuela has issued a decree providing for the free entry of all foreign cereals, on account of the Venezuelan wheat crop being short.

Thomas Smith, a brakeman on a Chicago and Northwestern track, was struck by the beams of a bridge near West Bend, Wis., and killed.

George Morofscheck, aged 6, was crushed to death at Ironwood, Mich., by a log which he and other boys started rolling down a driveway.

The deputy surveyor of customs at San Francisco seized 1,200 pounds of opium concealed on the steamship China, from Hong Kong. The opium is worth $25,000.

At San Francisco, Hotspur won the 1¼ miles handicap in 3:00¾, lowering the record by a quarter of a second.

Of the classes graduating at Harvard in the last nine years, 407 men have been Unitarians and 402 Episcopalians. Not a man of the class has avowed himself as an infidel or atheist.

Harvard and Yale will try a university cricket match next June.

Samuel Bonehan was killed by lightning near Decatur, Ills.

The remains of Lieut. Commander Walter M. Constant, who died at Yokohama Oct. 27, 1890, while in command of the Pacific squadron, United States navy, were interred at Peru, Ind., his old home.

At Oskaloosa, Iowa, shaft No. 7 of the Consolidated Coal company, the largest in the state, was burned, the work of incendiaries. The loss will reach $100,000, with no insurance. Attempts were also made to destroy other property.

During the month of April 60,449 immigrants landed at the port of New York, the largest number for April since 1882.

M Sarcey, the famous Parisian journalist, was married to Mlle. Carbonari, a lady thirty years his junior.

Three men awakened Dr. Stevens, of South Lebanon, Ohio, and had him dress the wound of one of their number, who was dreadfully cut in the abdomen. As they left one of them made a desperate drive with a villainous dagger at the doctor's heart. The doctor in warding off the blow was slashed across the breast and had a finger nearly cut off.

Reports to the Nebraska state millers' convention at Omaha show that there is plenty of grain in the state to last until after harvest, and that the crops are the largest and the best known in the history of the state.

Joseph La Tour has been convicted of the murder of Jeremiah Cleveland at Hayward, Wis., last July, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The remains of a child of Mrs. Bugel have been exhumed by the coroner at Roodhouse, Ills., foul play being suspected.

Cardinal Manning has written a letter denouncing the course of the Parnellites.

Burglars broke into Hugh Logan's safe at Soney, Mich., and stole $1,000 and six gold watches. They escaped on a hand car.

The Ohio legislature practically concluded business Friday, and will adjourn sine die at noon Monday.

Michael, an American Derby candidate, won a mile race easily at Lexington in 1:41, said to be the fastest time for the distance ever made on that track.

A. D. Hopkins, who claims to be the Indian messiah, left Chamberlain, S. D., for the Crow Creek agency. He declared that he would preach peace.

Chauncey Fowler, of Missouri Valley, Iowa, fell from a train and was so badly mangled by the wheels that he died a few hours afterward.

Alexander Jargenson was drowned at Shell lake, Wis., while fishing.

The newly-elected mayor of Columbus, Ohio, George Karb, has begun war on the concert halls and concert saloons by issuing an order closing them all.

W. V. Chase, of Ashland, Wis., was fatally kicked by a mule.

The Austro-German treaty has been signed for a period of twelve years, beginning in February, 1892.

A movement in its incipiency in Virginia has for its object the removal from Baltimore to Richmond of the body of the late Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Scarcely a week passes that the public press does not announce the death of boys from cigarette smoking. Two new cases were reported Saturday.

Joseph Pulitzer has subscribed $1,000 to the New York Greeley statue fund.

Monroe Waters (colored) was lynched at Hudson, Miss. Waters was suspected of an attempt to poison Capt. Barrentine at Columbus, Miss.

Peculiar

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MAY 9, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Blue Jeans."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Wm. H. Crane, "The Senator."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Fanny Davenport, "Cleopatra."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union Edwin Arden.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Fabio Romani."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets.—"An Irish Arab."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Effie Elisler.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"P. KEALY," Bloomington, Ill.—You will find the matter you referred to us dealt with editorially this week.

"CELT," Memphis—If a man wishes to call himself a "Scotch-Irishman" there is no law to prevent him. His intellect may, however, be called in question by even the most charitable.

"DON JUAN," Houston, Tex.—Practise can never make a man a poet.

"MICHAEL O'SHEA," LaSalle, Ill.—The duel between O Connell and D'Esterre was fought near Dublin in 1815.

"GEORGIA," City—The late Jefferson Davis was, it is claimed, of Welsh ancestry.

"IR," City—Hugh O'Neill was, certainly, the greatest Irish general who fought on Irish soil of whom we have exact knowledge. Owen Roe showed great qualities, but death cut short his career. The same is true of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, who was one of the ablest military leaders that Ireland has produced.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

POLAND AND IRELAND.

The Polish citizens of Chicago, and, indeed, the Polish people throughout America, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the Polish Constitution of 1791, on May 2, 3, and 4. The Chicago celebration was a particularly imposing one, and manifested that intense patriotism which is the leading characteristic of one of the noblest races of men that ever inhabited the earth. Rain falling in torrents could not dampen the ardor of the processionists and their friends, who marched through the mud with the same enthusiasm that distinguished their gallant fathers when they rushed in human whirlwinds against the Russian, the Prussian and the Austrian, and bravely died for the land which even their valor could not save. The downfall of Poland was well described by the poet Campbell, as the "bloodiest picture in the book of time." It is an awful thing to contemplate a nation torn limb from limb by three unscrupulous monarchs, sustained by thronging hordes of soldiers, who obeyed their ruthless commanders with the dull, but deadly, precision of machines.

Poland, that had fought for all Europe against the Turk, and whose White Eagle had rent the Crescent and the Star from their blood-red field before the walls of Vienna, was, in the day of her doom, abandoned by the people whose very civilization she had saved. As for the Russians of that period, they had no civilization to speak of, but they were the hereditary foes of the Moslem. Yet they were destined to be the chief factor in the destruction of the conqueror of the Saracen.

The infamy of originating the partition of Poland belongs to Frederick the Great of Prussia, who conspired to that end with the debauched Catharine II of Russia, soon after he had robbed Austria of Silesia. Yet, to the shame of Austria be it recorded, she, too, became a partner in the great crime, and, in spite of prodigies of valor in defense of her territory, Poland sustained her first mutilation, in 1771-72. Like Ireland, before and since, she was

> Hunted through her native grounds,
> Or flung reward to human hounds;
> Each one pulled and tore his share
> Heedless of her deep despair.

The illustrious Kosciusko, and his friends, after returning from the American war of the Revolution, in which they had so nobly seconded Washington, took, of course, a profound interest in the welfare of their native land. The evil effects of an elective monarchy, of one man veto, and of dependence on foreign powers in any sense were immediately observed by the patriots, and, in the new Constitution, adopted May 3, 1791, they were remedied. Civil and religious liberty were established, and, as a matter of fact, the great instrument was modeled, in as far as was possible, on the Constitution of the United States adopted in 1789. Catharine II, "greatest of all empresses and all wantons," was alarmed at this condition of things and defied republicanism upon her semi-barbarous throne. The perfidious Frederick William of Prussia, afterward so severely treated by Napoleon after Jena, promised to sustain Poland against her foes, and the Poles made war on Russia. Their weak king, the father of an illustrious patriot son, the Prince Marshal Poniatowski, who perished while covering the retreat of the French from "purple Leipsic" in 1813, wavered in the hour of need, and, to the amazement of the Poles, the Prussian king joined his army to that of Catharine when the Muscovites again swarmed into Poland. Soon afterward, in 1793, followed another partition, in which Austria had no share, and then the Kingdom of Poland was re-established on smaller limits—a comparatively feeble remnant of what was once a mighty and chivalric nation.

Notwithstanding, the hero Poles, under their native generals, engaged both Russians and Prussians on their outraged soil, and routed them with appalling slaughter, even winning back some of the territory that had been previously partitioned. Victory seemed to rest with them permanently, when a third enemy appeared upon the scene in the shape of the Austrian army! Austria had been left out of the second partition, and was determined to have another meal out of the still resisting victim. The Poles, now driven to utter desperation, fought with a fury unequalled since the Greeks met the Persians at Marathon, but, less fortunate than the Greeks, they lost all but honor. In 1794, Kosciusko made a desperate effort to regain the liberties of his country, but was defeated, wounded and captured. He ended his days in captivity and suffering. The invaders finally triumphed, the Constitution was obliterated, the third partition was effected between the three robber powers, and, in 1795, what remained of the Kingdom of Poland was made a Russian dependency with the Russian monarch for queen, or king, as the case might be. There were various partial risings in different parts of the country after this, and when Napoleon made war on Russia in 1812 it seemed as if the sun of Polish freedom would shine out upon the Sarmatian plains once again. But it was not to be. The great Corsican, who really had no sympathy with liberty in any clime, and who was as faulty a statesman as he was an unequalled warrior, allowed the golden opportunity to slip away, and, with his fall, the last hope of Poland also fell. The Poles deserved a better fate than to be betrayed by Bonaparte, for whom they fought with characteristic bravery and devotion. No section of the French army outshone the Poles in the day of battle.

The unhappy endings of the fierce Polish insurrections of 1831, 1846, and 1863 are chronicled in blood on the pages of European history. Surrounded by three tyrants, and, as the Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, has truly remarked, without any formidable natural frontiers, Poland's position is about as hopeless as that of any subject nation of which the historian makes mention; but the indomitable spirit of her sons and daughters still survives, and complications may yet arise in European politics that may roll the stone away from the mouth of the sepulchre in which her liberty is now held captive. May God aid the gallant and unfortunate Polish people to that noble consummation!

No Irishman can read the history of Poland without a thrill of intense sympathy, because his own native country has been justly styled "the Poland of the seas." Ireland is bound by only one tyrant, but it is sufficient. Like Poland, she, too, has been "plowed by the hoof of the ruthless invader," and also, like Poland, nearly all Europe—the Latin nations excepted—aided England in subduing her. The League of Augsburg, of which William of Orange was the chief beneficiary, was as fatal to Ireland, in 1691, and the coalition of Russia, Austria and Prussia was to Poland in 1791. On this free soil, and everywhere, the Pole and the Irishman, should be brothers and sympathizers. The iron has indeed entered our souls, and should weld our hearts together. There is a complication which hinders the Poles and the Irish from working together more practically—Ireland's oppressor is the enemy of Russia, and Poland's chiefest foe is the enemy of England. The destruction of Russia would be the salvation of Poland. The destruction of England would be the making of Ireland. The political destruction of both Russia and England would be the greatest blessing that could smile upon mankind.

MRS. GRIMWOOD'S REVELATIONS.

The frankness of Mrs. Grimwood, the widow of one of the officers recently massacred by the persecuted natives of Burmah, has given to the public the fact that the British commissioner, Quinton, who was also killed, had previously employed treacherous means to get the maharajah within his power. The wily Asiatic, however, eluded the trap, and prepared a counter snare for Quinton, into which the latter walked with the arrogant overconfidence of a true born Britisher. Mrs. Grimwood who, with a few attendants, miraculously escaped from the slaughter of her friends, does not hesitate to place the blame of the whole affair where it properly belongs—on the shoulders of her own countrymen. Their atrocities in the Indian peninsula, and elsewhere in Asia, are a standing outrage on humanity, and it is well that they are being exposed by an English woman. Englishmen have, for centuries, labored under the strong belief that they alone of all races of the earth are privileged to slay their fellow men with impunity. When their intended victims turn the tables and take a trick or two at killing, the valorous Anglo-Saxons raise an awful howl about "barbaric butcheries." Mrs. Grimwood's grim story will serve to enlighten the general public as to the true condition of affairs in Burmah.

THE GAELIC ATHLETIC OPENING.

The Gaelic Athletic Association of Illinois will open the season at their new grounds, corner of Lincoln and Polk streets, Sunday, May 10, beginning at 3 o'clock sharp. The membership of this splendid organization of the blood and brawn of young Irish Americans, has already reached 2,000 in this city alone, and is rapidly increasing. Rumor hath it that some dyspeptic, gloom loving, nut meg nosed, indigo stomached, bigoted busybodies are trying to get the municipal authorities to interfere with these healthful games on the usual canting, Sabbatarian plea. As long as the exercises are properly conducted, as they are certain to be by the stalwart and intelligent young men who have charge of the proceedings, there is no reason why they should be interfered with.

Every member of the Gaelic Association should convert himself into a special policeman for the purpose of preventing any attempt at disorder on the part of outsiders. All disputes as to games should be amicably adjusted on the spot, and have an end of them, once the question is decided, forever more. As all the participants are Gaels, no race or national rivalry can enter into the contests. The victory of the one party is the glory of all. Fair play must be strictly maintained, but, even in the best constituted games, wranglings will occasionally occur, and wranglers are sure, some time or another, to exhibit their disagreeable dispositions. Chronic wranglers are a curse and a nuisance in any organization, and if they cannot get along like sensible men, it is much better that they should sever connection with the bodies to which they may belong. Contention is the greatest evil that can befall any society, and, more particularly, an Irish society. THE CITIZEN says this much by way of precaution, not because it believes there is any occasion whatever to lecture the Gaelic Athletic Association on its course of procedure. As the comments are made by a friend of the organization, it is hoped they will be accepted in the spirit in which they are written.

The games on Sunday will include foot ball, exhibition hurling—the most ancient of Irish games; tossing of the cabre, throwing the hammer, throwing the 56 pound weight, exhibiting with the same weight, and many other events of interest. Among the athletic celebrities present will be Mr. Edward Brady, of the union stock yards; Mr. John Ryan, "the Irish giant;" Mr. Denois McCarthy and Mr. Peter Foley. THE CITIZEN wishes the association the full measure of success.

BISHOP NULTY'S CHANGE OF BASE.

Not many years ago the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, bishop of Meath, came out in a flaming manifesto to the vatican, in which he more than hinted that continued interference of his holiness, the Pope, in Irish political matters, might lead to a schism. In fact his pronunciamento was so bold as to be startling, and called for comment of an exciting kind from the press of both hemispheres. Now, however, the Rev. Dr. Nulty has assumed an entirely different attitude, and insists that the members of his spiritual charge shall do exactly as he says in political affairs, and in nowise whatever to the contrary. The bishop recently censured from the altar in Navan the conduct of certain lay Catholics who ventured to sustain Mr. Parnell against his enemies. The action of Dr. Nulty immediately called forth from several other lay Catholics the following vigorous and spirited reply, which, in point of moderate and intelligent expression, is worthy to rank with some of the best papers of state ever promulgated in any country:

"NAVAN, April 11, 1891.—*Rev. Sir:* I am requested by the Parnell Leadership committee to send you the enclosed resolution, which was unanimously passed at a meeting which was held last night. Your obedient servant,

JAMES LAWLOR, Hon. Sec.

To Rev. Michael Woods, Adm. Navan.

"*Unanimously Resolved*, That we, the undersigned members of the Navan Parnell Leadership committee, having become aware of the action of the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty in denouncing from the altar in our parish chapel Messrs. Luke Smyth, Thomas Nugent and Christopher Quinn, and also having returned the offerings made by two of our most worthy and respected townsmen, Messrs. Luke Smyth and Thomas Nugent, because of their exercising a civil right which they were fully entitled to do, and which we cannot conscientiously believe to be a religious one, viz, offering themselves as candidates for guardians of the poor at the request of the people of Navan, we beg to say that if there is blame to be attached to anyone, which we emphatically deny, it is to us, who have asked and encouraged them to go forward in our interest, and in that of the people in general, and that no exception should be made in such denunciation; and having acted with these gentlemen in everything they have done in this matter for which they have been abused, we consider ourselves bound to stand by them, perfectly regardless of personal consequences; and we demand that we be treated in the same manner in every respect as they have been, and while we are prepared, as Roman Catholics, to accept every religious teaching from his lordship, with all the respect due to his exalted position, we are not prepared to surrender any of our civil rights to anyone, and we are determined to uphold them at any cost.

"We deny that there was any insult offered, or that there was any intention on the part of any among us of offering the smallest insult to his lordship or to any of his priests; and if the clergy, during their canvass, have not met with the courteous reception which they have always received at the hands of the people of Navan, it is not altogether on account of anything which occurred on the present occasion, but to a great extent owing to what happened ten years ago, at the time of an election of poor law guardians, when three most respectable men, who were nominated for guardian ship were denounced from the altar in a most uncharitable and most unchristian-like manner, and which aroused feelings at the time that are still rankling in the hearts of the people. It is still well remembered the effort which was made about the same time to deprive them of their right to have a voice in selecting a parliamentary representative for this county, a right which they are determined to maintain at all hazards.

"That a copy of this resolution be sent to his lordship's representative, and we respectfully ask, in justice to those gentlemen and to ourselves, that the same be read at the different masses on Sunday next, in support of which we hereby attach our names. William Lawlor, T. C., P. L. G.; Michael Denning, Patrick Smyth, Watergate street; John Spicer, T. C.; Francis Loughran, John Quinn, Patrick Clusker, James Finnucane, Patrick Coldrick, Joseph Cregan, Joseph Cooke, James Duffy, James Lawler, James Everard, George Jones, Peter Finnegan, T. C.; John M'Kiever, T. C.; John Coogan, Peter Murray, T. C.; John Beggan, James Finnegan, Joseph Harlin, Bernard Reilly, Mathew Rice, Henry Loughran, Mathew Tormey, T. C; Patrick Foley, Patrick M'Namara, T. C."

The Dublin *Freeman* of the 15th ult., and many subsequent numbers of the same, makes no mention that the foregoing document was read, as requested, from the altars of the diocese. Dr. Nulty, who lectured the Pope on the danger of meddling in Irish temporal matters, is evidently very averse to being himself lectured in the same direction. But no Irishman, Catholic or Protestant, can fail to read the resolutions, or protest, of those Navan Catholics without entertaining a feeling of respect for their manly spirit of independence. Bishop Nulty's early and middle career gave assurances of strong devotion to the principles of political liberty, but it is to be feared that increasing years have, in some measure, slaked the fire of his patriotism, and that the years that still remain to him will find him classed among the conservative and intolerant.

A "YOUNG ENGLISHMAN" FROM MAYO.

Mrs. Anna Farwell De Koven, in a recent letter from London, published in the *Evening Post* of this city, speaks glowingly of a novel which has been placed upon the market by the notorious George Moore, the unworthy son of a noble sire and a gallant grandsire. Moore has, up to date, been chiefly noticeable for slandering his own Irish fellow countrymen. Mrs. De Koven innocently speaks of this literary renegade as a "young Englishman." THE CITIZEN is not aware that "young Englishmen" are products of the good old county Mayo, of which George Moore is a native. "His people before him" were natives of that county for many generations. The renegade's father was the late George Henry Moore, M. P. for Mayo—one of the truest Irish patriots, in the fullest sense, that ever lived—and his grandfather was the Moore, of Moore Hall, who was appointed provisional president of the Irish Republic by the French General Humbert, when that warrior landed at Killala in 1798.

THE PROPOSED HIGH LICENSE.

The proposed $1 000 license tax which is now being considered by the legislature appears to THE CITIZEN to be an oppressive measure, and one that will operate chiefly in the interest of those who own fancy drinking places, where only the "aristocratic" element can congregate and enjoy the privilege of worshipping Bacchus. The tax, if adopted, will fall heavily on the poorer element among those who keep places of refreshment. In fact it will wipe most of them out of existence. This, the ultra temperance people may claim, is the object to be sought after, but why should there be discrimination? If it is immoral to drink at all, as the zealots claim, it is quite as bad to patronize the bar of a "howling swell" of a hotel keeper, or a gin palace proprietor, as to indulge in intoxicants at the bar of some more humble individual. The number of drinking places may be diminished by the proposed change in the license fee, but the number of drinkers will remain in about the same proportion, the only difference being that a sort of monopoly will take the place of the present system. It is merely class legislation, and should be opposed by every member of the legislature who is in favor of justice to all men. It would be better, and in every way manlier, for the ultra-temperance people to seek the passage of a bill for total prohibition than to attempt the enactment of a law by which the richer, but not in all cases the better, class of saloon keepers may be benefitted at the expense of the less wealthy members of the fraternity.

PARNELL AT KILLALA.

Mr. Parnell visited the historic town of Killala, county Mayo, on April 21. Among those who came to greet him were the two Loughneys—the grandson and great grandson of the patriotic pilot, who steered Gen. Humbert and the French squadron into the bay, in August, 1798. Mr. Parnell received the descendants of the brave rebel fisherman, whose life paid the forfeit of his zeal, with great cordiality, and distinguished them before all the people by paying them special attention. He visited all the historic localities, and seemed greatly interested in the traditions of the great rebellion. The people everywhere received him with enthusiasm, but the great body of the priesthood remained aloof.

MAJOR MCCLAUGHERY has been nominated and confirmed as superintendent of police. A crowd of professional Highlanders have congratulated him, as one of themselves. We always thought Mac was either a Hibernian or a "Yankee." In Ireland, they call it "MacClogherry"—with a strong burr on every "r" and a "clogh" that would shake the teeth out of a Chinaman's head. Perhaps, out of compliment to his alleged Highland admirers, "Mac" may uniform the police force in kilts and brogans!

MAYOR WASHBURNE has announced himself to a group of visiting temperance divines, "a thorough German on the liquor question." Good Gratiots! In the words of Miles O'Reilly, slightly altered from the original,

> He courts the men of every race,
> This gorseon undefiled—
> Von Vashbrun dines on schweitzer kase,
> And "Hemp" on "praties biled."
> All the girls smile on him—this is how
> That wonder came to pass—
> Von Vashbrun toasts "ein blondine frau"
> And "Hemp" an Irish lass.

THE FAIR LAND OF POLAND.

Enthusiastic Celebration of the Centennial of the Adoption of the Constitution of 1791, by the Polish Citizens of Chicago.

The programme of the Polish celebration of the adoption of the constitution of 1791, as published in THE CITIZEN of last week, was carried out almost to the letter on Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

At 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon the various societies assembled in Haymarket Square, where Chief Marshal Donelski and his assistants, Marshals Budzinski, Wiekinski and Rymwski formed the procession. First came a band of twenty-five Polish police officers in uniform, captained by Lieut. Beaubien. Then followed Prof. Frerk's cornet band and the second regiment of Polish Independents.

The remainder of the parade was drawn up as follows:

Division 1, Marshal V. Pizenwriski—Knights of St. Cassimir, Pulaski Guard, Knights of St. George, Sokol Turner Society, twenty five boys, carrying sickle-shaped swords, representing the instruments of warfare formerly used by the Poles against Prussia and Austria.

Division 2, Marshal P. Budzyiski—Gmina Polska, St. Adelbert's Society, Kosciusko Society, St. Mary's Society, Harmonean Society, St. Joseph's Society, Polish Tailors' Society, King Bolislaus' Society, Gmina Polska Society No. 1, St. Trinity Singing Society.

Division 3, Marshal W. Wieklinski—St. John III. Sobieski Society, Pulaski Guards, Holy Name of Jesus Society, St. Stanislaus Cadets, Polonia, Orzel i Pogon, St. Dominick Society, Klog Miecznalaw Society, Gwiazda Society, Agaton Society, Giller Society.

Division 4, Marshal C. Listewnik—King Jagiello Society, St. Stanislaus Society (from Pullman), Alexander Fredro Society, St. Cassimir Society, John Kochanowski Society, John Kilinski Society, Krafzewski Society, Stefan Batory, Polish Carpenters.

The attendance at Central Music Hall later in the day was very imposing. Every available space was more than fully occupied, and the decorations, consisting mainly of Polish and American colors, were very artistic. The orchestra, at the opening of the proceedings and at every interval, discoursed soul stirring national airs.

In the absence of Governor Fifer, Judge Murray F. Tuley presided. The governor sent a long letter of apology in which he expressed his deep sympathy with the cause of liberty in Poland. Judge Tuley's opening address was a fine effort, and evoked great applause. Other addresses were delivered by E. Z. Brodowski, president of the Polish National Alliance of America; K. Zychlinski, Chicago; John F. Finerty, Madame T. Sawoliska, Hon. Richard S. Tuthill, W. J. English (recitation "The Downfall of Poland"), Judge M. A. LaBuy, S. F. A Sztaliski and Frank Gryglaszewski. The singing of Misses Victoria Mikityuski and Helena Wlodecka aroused great enthusiasm.

The Polish school children celebrated the centennial in the same place on Sunday afternoon, and in the evening several patriotic speeches were delivered by Polish clergymen and others. On Monday morning mass was celebrated in the Polish Catholic churches for the repose of the souls of the heroes who had died fighting for the independence of Poland. In the evening, at the Music Hall, the Hon. Thomas A. Moran presided, and addresses were delivered by the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, bishop of Peoria; W. J. Onahan and W. J. Hynes. On Tuesday morning pontifical high mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan at the Cathedral of the Holy Name. The Polish National Alliance, represented by delegates from all parts of America, held a convention during the afternoon and evening. The celebration was a decided success in every particular, and reflected great credit on the Polish-American citizens.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

At the Ennis quarter sessions two cases were brought against the high sheriff of Clare at the suit of two young ladies, named Miss Jane and Miss Lizzie Brown, for having seized a number of sheep and cattle on a writ of *fi fa* which had been granted against another person. His honor, Judge Kelly, gave a decree in one case for £52 and in the other for £50.

At Tralee the further hearing of the the charge against James Riordan, of murdering Cornelius Hickey in June, 1882, was resumed in the grand jury room. The informer, Patrick Fitzgerald, alias Leary, was again examined. The case was adjourned.

A man named Thomas Bourke, while working at his father's farm near Ennis, was fired at and received a bullet in his right leg and another in the heel. In all five shots were fired at him. He was conveyed to the infirmary in Ennis. No motive has been assigned for the outrage and the parties who committed it are unknown.

A serious difference, it is understood, has arisen between Mr. Thomas Sexton and T. M. Healy. It appears that Mr. Sexton has complained of the fact that Mr. T. M. Healy has written several articles with his own hand, in a certain newspaper, dealing with his (Mr. T. M. Healy's) virtues and sacrifices. Mr. Sexton thinks that he is more versed as to Mr. Healy's character than Mr. Healy himself, and wishes to be allowed to deal with the subject. Mr. Healy has retaliated by reminding Mr. Sexton that the few articles that he (Mr. Sexton) has written have been devoted to Sexton and not Healy, and is not apparently altogether willing to hand himself over to the tender mercies of his friend. Mr. T. A. Dickson, it appears, has intervened, and is endeavoring to secure union upon the basis of Dickson first and Healy and Sexton nowhere. And yet these are the members of the board who never have had, and never could have, any difference, says the *Freeman's Journal.*

Fire broke out recently at the Clarence Hotel, Cork, owned by Mr. O'Mahony. The proprietor, his family, and some boarders had barely time to make good their escape, and in a few minutes the entire building was in flames. The premises were partly insured.

Mr. Gladstone yesterday (Friday) on coming out of the division lobby, took his seat beside Mr. Healy, who occupied for the moment Mr. Labouchere's usual position on the first bench below the gangway. Their conversation was of a very cordial nature, and from the expression—"wonderful escape"—in Mr. Gladstone's clear tones, which was heard all over the house, probably related to the savage assault of which Mr. Healy was recently the victim at Cork. Mr. Gladstone's attentions are not lost upon Mr. Healy. He proves his title to them by entertaining a delighted house as often as possible, to displays of his mean and vixenish hatred of the man who brought him into public notice and who was his leader before the new Whig outbreak.

A meeting of the county Antrim Millowners' Defense association was held recently for the purpose of considering the fisheries bill, introduced by Mr. M'Cartney into the house of commons. There was a representative attendance. A deputation was appointed to go to London while the bill is in committee, and to urge the interests of millowners.

During last week 2,500 emigrants left Queenstown for America. These consist chiefly of young men and women between the ages of 18 and 30. The number is not quite so large as that of the corresponding week last year.

A few nights ago a party of masked men attacked the house of a man named Crow at Barleyhill, in the county Clare, and smashed the doors and windows. The police are investigating the affair, but no arrests have been made.

The mackerel fishing in Munster has been by no means successful up to the present. There has, however, been some exceptions to this, one family taking as much as £195 5s worth of fish in one night. The local fishermen are, as a rule, the luckiest. The average prices at Castletownbear have been 40s, and at West Kerry 33s per 120 fish.

While traveling between Stradbally and Athy, recently, Mr. Francis Fitzgerald, town commissioner, Athy, fell off a car and died shortly afterwards.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, bishop of Limerick, has made the following changes in his diocese: Rev. James H. Roche, P. P., Dromcollogher, to be parish priest of Glin; Rev. John Gleeson, P. P., Manister, to be parish priest of Dromcollogher; Rev. John Fitzgerald, Adm., to be parish priest of Manister.

Mr. H. M. Pinkington, Q. C., L. L. D., has retired from the office of chief registrar of the probate and matrimonial division. He has been succeeded by Mr. Henry C. Warren, B. L., son of Judge Warren. Mr. Robert Travers, B. L., has been appointed to the position of judge's registrar, vacated by Mr. Warren; and Mr. Thomas Jacob Geoghegan, B. L., has been appointed assistant registrar.

The month's mind of the late Very Rev. Arthur O'Toole, P. P., Cullahanna, Lower Greggan, was celebrated in the Catholic church, Newtownhamilton, in the presence of a large number of the clergy of the archdiocese of Armagh.

On a recent Sunday Mr. Comvay, M. P., spoke at a largely attended meeting at Broadford, county Clare. Mr. O'Donovan presided. Resolutions expressing confidence in Mr. Parnell and condemning the action of the clergy at the Kilkenny and Sligo elections, were adopted. Mr. Comway in the course of his remarks said if a general election was held tomorrow Mr. Parnell would carry the country. A

few weeks ago the loyalty they paid to their church was thought to be subsidized on behalf of a crowd of traitors. Their loyalty to their church was as true as ever; but they declined to accept the doctrine that loyalty to the church obliged them to sink loyalty to the national programme.

In connection with the outrage near Ennis, when a man named Thomas Burke was shot, nine young men were arrested. No evidence to connect them with the outrage in question having been given, they were discharged. The wounded man, who is still in the Ennis infirmary, is progressing favorably.

In the Waterford theatre, while the Childrens Opera company was performing, a gas chandelier overhanging the dress circle fell with a loud crash. No one was injured.

Archdeacon Hunt, rector of Mohill, died in the train on the Cavan and Leitrim narrow gauge railway.

A farmer named Francis Gogarty, who was evicted in 1884, has been restored to his two farms in Dunaree and Cornakill, county Cavan, which have been in the hands of the emergencymen for the last seven years. The present landlord succeeded to the estate a few months ago. Several persons with plows gathered to prepare the farms of the restored tenant for cultivation.

Rev. Mr. Casey, administrator, Ballyduff, Waterford, is appealing in the Irish American papers for funds to clear off the debt on the church lately erected in that village.

A man named Fenton, employed by Peter Watters of Greenshill, Kilkenny, had his leg broken in a runaway accident.

Gilhooly, M P., visited Bantry recently.

At a special court in Millstreet, Cork, John Buckley and W. Casey were charged in connection with the recent moonlighting raids near Millstreet, when a double barreled fowling piece was taken from a farmer's house Casey was discharged. Buckley was returned for trial to the quarter sessions, bail being refused.

The charge against four young men named Guinane, Cunningham, Leo, and Neylan, who, it is alleged, were implicated in the moonlight outrage near Ennis, when Neylan was shot by the police, was resumed at the Ennis petty sessions before Mr. Hodder, R. M. Guinane and Cunningham were discharged; Leo and Neylan were returned for trial to the Clare summer assizes.

The only criminal case at the Longford quarter sessions was one in which a man named Denis McCarthy was convicted of stealing a cask of porter and of an assault on a policeman, for which he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

At the Lismore board of guardians the chairman, John Stafford, said he had decided to tender his resignation on account of the death of his wife. On being asked, by the unanimous vote of the board, to reconsider his decision, he withdrew his resignation.

In Navan the Easter dues of Messrs. Luke Smyth and Thos Nugent, two Parnellite parishioners, were returned to them.

Mr. Parnell addressed a magnificent meeting at Irishtown on April 19.

Dr. Skinner, M. P, for Mid Cork, addressed a meeting of his constituents at Macroom recently. The opposing factions had a terrible time of it. When the war clouds rolled by skinner came off the platform and stitched up the wounded.

When Mr. Parnell was leaving Claremorris for Ballina on the 20th inst., the children of the schools in Claremorris were allowed a half holiday in order to go to the railway station and "demonstrate" against Mr. Parnell. They went to the station in due course, fortified by the hints as to what they were to do; but the result must have been annoying to the gentlemen who conceived the brilliant idea, for when Mr. Parnell arrived at the station the cheers were loud and prolonged, and the majority of the children seemed heartily ashamed of the part they were expected to play and were silent, whilst others of them raised their voices in cheers with their elders who were present. Mr. Parnell was presented with a very beautiful bouquet by Miss Nally, sister of Mr. P. W. Nally. He was accompanied in a open carriage to the station by Miss Nally, of Rockstown, Miss Nally, of Carritaria, and Mr. Joseph Quinn. Mr. Parnell was presented with several addresses. They included one from the men of Logboy. Another was from the Nationalists of Dunmore. The tenant farmers of the Workington district also presented an address, as did the tenant farmers of Irishtown. The address of the latter was signed by James Daly, John Cleary, Pat Curry, James Ryan, John Kerrane, Roger Mannion, John Carr, Thomas Ruane, Matt Cosgrove, John Royzane, Ed M'Loughlin and Ed Fleming. The Kilbennon (county Galway) branch of the National League also presented an address of welcome. As the train moved from the station the crowd assembled, and which filled the platform, cheered most vehemently. Mr. Parnell was accompanied by Mr. Dalton, M. P.; Mr. Joseph Quinn, Mr. J. J. Louden, B L.; Mr. Julian Moore and other gentlemen. At Foxford a great crowd had gathered at the station and gave round after round of cheers. The scene at Ballina was most remarkable. The railway platform and the roadway outside were densely packed with people. Bands and banners lent an air of great enthusiasm to the occasion, and the roadway and streets were spanned by streamers bearing appropriate mottoes of welcome. The windows along the way to the Moy Hotel were crowded with people. Handkerchiefs and hats were waved, and it was quite a triumphal procession, not a discordant voice marring the unanimity and warmth of the greeting, and, being market day, the whole town was alive with people, who entered into the reception of the leader with great warmth and earnestness. A considerable number of the priests called on Mr. Parnell and had a lengthened interview with him. The Rev Father O'Hara, of Skreen, who had a very warm greeting with the chief, mentioned that he was much interested in the case of the tenants on the Webber estate, who purposed purchasing their holdings, and urged that, if possible, a clause should be introduced in the Land bill in their interest. At the hotel addresses were presented, including one from the laborers of Ballina. The address of the Swinford Parnell Leadership committee was signed by Thomas Fitzgerald, president; P. J. Campbell, treasurer; M. J. Mellett, secretary; John P. O'Connor, Timothy Corley, C. W. Armstrong, Michael Muroe, Martin M'Nicholas, James M'Nicholas, John M'Nicholas, P. W. Shanley, James Horkan, James Henry, P. J. Durkan, P. L. G.; P. J Clarke, P. L. G.; Patrick Jennings, P. L. G; John Kerrins, Edward Comer, Wm. Walshe, Joseph Cox and J Mellet. The address of the Dromore West branch of the National League was signed by Mr. Hugh Connolly, vice president; Thomas Mulligan, treasurer; and James Kavanagh and Hugh Colleary, hon. secs. The address from the people of Attymass was signed by John Hannigan, treasurer I N L, and James Smith, secretary. The address from the Bonneconlan Gaelic association was signed by Michael Kelvin, Capt. G. A. A; Michael Ruan, secretary; and Wm. M'Loughlin, treasurer. The address of the Euskey Parnell Leadership committee was signed by T. M'Mamn, John Clarke, Martin Kearney and John Cavanagh. The Foxford address was signed by J. J. Boland, chairman; Patrick J Jones, secretary; P J. Coghlan, treasurer. Committee: P. J. Shiel, John O'Donnell, Martin Gaughan, John M. Shiel, Ignatius P. O'Donnell, V. C., P. L. G; James Gaughin, John Eston, Martin Hawley, Edward Hardy. John E Boland, John Getnine, Thomas Henahan, James Walsh, John Doyle, John Morrison, M. P. Shiel, P. J Hardy, William M'Andrew, etc. Mr. Parnell, who received a great ovation, said: "Men of Mayo and Sligo, I am rejoiced to have another opportunity of speaking in this historic town of Ballina (cheers), and of expressing to you again my thanks for the magnificent help afforded by the barony of Tireragh (cheers) and this town to the cause of Irish nationality (cheers). The men of Tireragh redeemed the name of North Sligo in the recent contest; the men of Tireragh showed that, although a minority of the constituency, they counterbalanced the Whiggish majority, the cowards and traitors (groans) who attempted to trail the flag of Ireland in the dust; and as long as there are such a minority in any Irish constituency, our country need not fear for her future or tremble least her destinies are going to be surrendered to any English political party or leader (cheers)."

THE BELLS OF KILLARNEY.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

There are belles by the score, by the hundred and more,
To be found in the homes of Duhallow;
There are beauteous young maids in the groves and the glades
All the way from Kanturk on the Mallow;
There are nymphs to be seen 'neath each lone leafy screen,
Beside the famed castle of Blarney;
But not one anywhere, I go bail, can compare
With the beautiful rose of Killarney!
With the sweet gushing rose—
With the soft blushing rose—
With the beautiful rose of Killarney!

Her eyes are as bright as the blue stars at night,
And as calm as a vision of heaven;
And the peach on each cheek is as ruddy and sleek
As the sun when he sets in the even;
While her lips in their bloom have a dainty perfume,
When they throb to the kiss of her Barney—
Oh, no goddess of old could a candlestick hold
To the heart-breaking belle of Killarney!
To the lissom nest belle—
To the honey-sweet belle—
To the heart-breaking belle of Killarney!

You may sing in mad joy about Helen of Troy,
And the colleens who courted Silenus;
You may babble in song of the queen of Hong Kong,
Of Diana, and Juno, and Venus;
You may rave of the skies found in Pompadour's eyes,
And the balm of the sighs of Kate Kearney;
But no goddess or queen has the gait or the mien
Of this wonderful maid of Killarney!
Of this glad Kerry maid—
Of this fond merry maid—
Hurrah for the maid of Killarney!

PERSONAL.

Mr. Patrick J. Mangan, of the firm of Ford & Mangan, and Miss Lillie O'Neill, were united in marriage, the Rev. Father Kelly, S J., officiating, at the Holy Family church on Wednesday, the 29th ult. Miss Moroney acted as bridesmaid, and Capt. L R Buckley best man. The young couple have received the sincere congratulations of all their friends.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

AHERN—April 12, at No. 35 Harbor Row, Queenstown, John Ahern, town surveyor of the town commissioners.

DALY—April 9, at Evergreen cottage, Cork, Denis Daly, at an advanced age.

POWER—April 10, at the Monastery of St. Alphonsus, Clonliffe West, Dublin, Sister Mary Tharresa, in the world Mary Josephine, daughter of Mrs. Power, of New Ross.

SAVAGE—April 11, at Conna, the Rev. John Savage.

WALL—April 8, at Ryecourt, Edmund Wall, M. D.

GAYNOR—April 12, at Grange, Balnalack, county Westmeath, Bridget, relict of the late Patrick Gaynor.

KENNEDY—April 12, at Castlecomer, Michael Kennedy, aged 75 years.

MAHONY—April 8, at Borris, county Carlow, Patrick Mahony.

MULLIGAN—At Castlepollard, James Mulligan, merchant, aged 93 years.

PRICE—April 13, at Littletown, Naas, Samuel Price, aged 85 years.

BARTON—April 10, at No. 1 Duncan street, Higher Broughton, Manchester, John F. Barton, aged 35 years, formerly of Grove House, county Kilkenny.

HOGAN—April 16, at Henry street, Limerick, Malachy Hogan, aged 46 years.

TALLON—April 16, at Dunshaughlin, Patrick Tallon, aged 39 years.

KENNY—April 3 and 14, at the residence of their son, Upper Dominick street, Dublin, Sergt. Connor Kenny, and his wife, Elizabeth Kenny, late of Mullingar.

PURCELL—April 15, at Ballinagard, Boscommon, Elizabeth, wife of W. P. Purcell, resident magistrate.

BYRNE—April 13, at No. 71 Benburb street, Dublin, Anne, wife of Thomas Byrne.

GERMAINE—April 13, at Aughrim, county Wicklow, Ellen, wife of Philip Germaine.

MURRAY—April 13, at Kilcornan, Moate, Mary, relict of the late Thomas Murray.

RICE—April 13, at No. 37 Dolphin's barn, Dublin, James, third son of John and Catherine Rice.

SHARP—At the residence of his brother, No. 35 Lower Gardiner street, Dublin, William, eldest son of the late Richard Sharp, millwright.

BERGIN—April 19, at No. 3 Westland villas, Inchicore, Naanie, wife of Francis Bergin, B. E., aged 29 years.

DOWLING—April 18, at No. 12 North Anne street, Dublin, Ellen, wife of Martin Dowling, aged 56 years.

DOYLE—At No. 29 Sandycove road, Kingstown, James, the second eldest son of Sarah and Michael Doyle, aged 27 years.

O'MULLOY—April 14, at Newtown, Shandrum, county Cork, Johanna, wife of Edmond O'Mulloy, Ballinaveen, Emly, and mother of the Rev. Dr. O'Mulloy, P. P., Aughrim, county Wicklow.

FITZGERALD—April 17, Frank Fitzgerald, T. C., of Duke street, Athy.

HEALY—April 18, at No. 1 Wharton terrace, Haroldscross, Ennis, son of the late Michael Healy, of Donnybrook.

MCDERMOTT—April 18, at Kitchenstown, Naul, county Dublin, John McDermott.

O'DONOVAN—April 18, at the Bridge, Skibbereen, Timothy O'Donovan, aged 66 years.

SHEA—April 11, at Catherine street, Strand, London, William Shea, late of Limerick.

WALSH—April 17, at Scholarstown, Templeogue, county Dublin, Elizabeth Walsh.

WILLIAMS—April 18, at Edenderry, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Benjamin Williams, aged 82 years.

Followers of Father Matthew.

The convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the State of Illinois, will open next Sunday, May 10, in Aurora at 2.30 p m. All the Catholic temperance organizations in the State, and all those believing in sobriety, are cordially invited to attend, as matters of vital importance to the cause of temperance will be discussed. By order of

THOS. P. HODNETT, Pres't.
WALTER J GIBBONS, Sec'y.
WM QUINLAN, Organizer.

Train leaves Union Depot (C.B. & Q) at 11:45 a.m.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

In the Minority.

An African traveler was recounting to a company his hairbreadth escapes in the jungles and savannas about the great equatorial lake region. He had encountered there, he said, the most savage and bloodthirsty men in the world.

"As we were marching," the traveler related, "from Nmgosji to Gohangbo, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a most terrible and desperate combat. And what odds! Ten to one!"

"Were you one of the ten?" asked a bystander.

"Sir," said the explorer, grandiloquently, "I wish you to understand that I was one of the one."—Youth's Companion.

What an "Inch" of Rain Means.

Few people can form a definite idea of what is involved in the expression, "An inch of rain." It may aid such to follow this curious calculation: An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches; an inch deep of water on this area will be as many cubic inches of water, which, at 227 to the gallon, is 22,000 gallons. This immense quantity of water will weigh 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons. One-hundredth of an inch (0.01) alone is equal to one ton of water to the acre.—St. Louis Republic.

An Appropriate Costume.

"What was the idea of dressing the little page at the Revere wedding like a desperado?"

"Oh, he was to hold up the train, you know!"—Puck.

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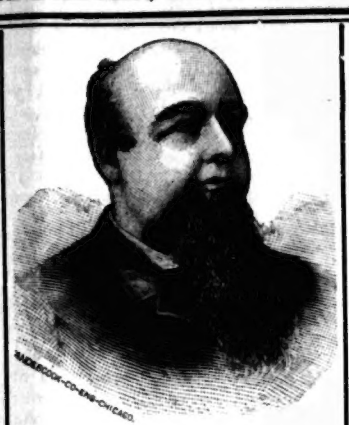
INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter J. O'Connell, son of John and Mary O'Connell, Ardgroon, county Cork, Ireland. He was in Marquette, Mich., in 1883, and left there in 1884 and went to his uncle, C. C. Lowrey, Jamestown, Dak.; in 1886 he went from there to Duluth, Minn.; the last heard of him, in the fall of 1887, he was in Ashland, Wis. Any information about him will be thankfully received by

PETER O'CONNELL,
Marquette, Mich.

Irish-American papers please copy.



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Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH,
Attorney at Law,
609 Opera House Building,
Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
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JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY, 69 DEARBORN-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. March Term, A. D. 1891. Mary Haynes vs. Charles Haynes. In Chancery. No. 90,128.

Notice is hereby given to the said Charles Haynes that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

James McEnerny, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. Superior Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1891. Frank Lee vs. Ella Lee. In Chancery. No. 132,504.

Notice is hereby given to the said Ella Lee that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of May, A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

PATRICK McGRATH, Clerk.

James McEnerny, Complainant's Solicitor,

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We have taken down the partition and now occupy

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All Subscribers and Advertisers Will Please Take Notice.

AT MIDNIGHT.

I wandered at midnight in the graveyard;
The smell of damp grass was in my nostrils;
I heard my heart throb in the awful silence.

As a headlong diver, plunging in the ocean,
Sees dimly glimmering through the green darkness
The swinging surges pulsating above him;

Sees the slimy keels of diligent vessels,
With bubbling wake of ghostly foam in furrows,
And a dull shine of sails swollen by tempests;

Sees lidless eyed monsters leering past him,
And wrecks and drowned men constantly sinking,
While the muffled knell of the surf is tolling;

So as I heard the sad lapse of the mill stream,
Down, down, quickly my spirit descended
To the residence of dead men and women.

In an unearthly sepulchral twilight
The grassy firmament was visible
Flecked with white clouds of motionless daisies.

The craggy roots of the headstones protruded
Uncomfortably from the low ceilings of the
Tortuous obscure damp cavern.

Suddenly from ten thousand eyeless sockets
A mild but awful glare of light glowed blueiy,
Lighting the streets of that benevolent city.

A hospitable city, whose gates were always open;
With low priced tenements for God's poor people;
A cheap resort for desolate age in winter.

The neighborhood was orderly and quiet,
As from each coffin window a skull was grinning
In idle mockery at life's foolish satire.

There was a wonderful sameness in costume
Worn by rich ladies and their poor servants,
And no bills presented to embarrassed husbands.

Side by side lay the spendthrift and the miser,
The maid and her rejected lover,
The prodigal and his unrelenting father.

Noises there were of feet in sad procession,
And gleams of eyes with curious sadness,
Peering into the dark they soon or late must tenant.

My soul, moved by an irresistible impulse,
Like the thistledown before the east wind,
Went through many anonymous avenues.

I heard a sound of deep perpetual thunder,
Like life's flood tide throbbing in monotonous pulses,
Upon the shore that has no road or harbor.

Was it a reality, or was it a vision merely
I saw underground as my spirit descended into
The land of the mole and the gopher?
—John James Ingalls in Minneapolis Journal.

ELEANOR IN LOVE.

She held in her hand the letter. Should she send it? That moment was one of those wistfully critical epochs of existence upon which may swing, as upon a hinge, the door of destiny.

Eleanor Armstrong stood in doubt. Why? It was a little thing, just a friendly letter to Jack Renshaw out in Texas. What matter? Why should she hesitate? Eleanor could not tell. Still she lingered, dimly prescient of that swinging door of destiny.

She had written his name across the envelope; should she complete the address and let it go? Hers was a quick, positive nature, given to the obedience of impulse. It was vexing to be so puzzled over so slight a thing.

An accident, if such it was, decided the question. A caller was announced. She descended to the drawing room, and the letter went to the box, gathered up with the rest of her mail by the hand of the maid.

"It was destiny," said Eleanor to herself in an afterthought.

After all nothing could come of it. She was under no obligation to Jack Renshaw, nor to any other man, in fact. Then she wondered idly if she ever should care for any of them—one more than another—for Eleanor Armstrong, while no beauty, had grace and sparkle, and a subtle personal magnetism which drew about her plenty of admirers.

She favored them all by turns. Last summer it was Lew Hunter. She went boating with him up in lovely Chocorua, where they summered, played tennis and climbed country roads and hills.

"He was so strong and good natured, and made such a good alpen-stock," she coolly explained to her aunt, Miss Jane Mears, who was her careful chaperon.

This year, last past, it was Jack Renshaw, at the same place, Chocorua—"dear old dreamy town," Eleanor said, "I could never tire of it." Jack did not dance, cared nothing for tennis, and had no experience with oars; but he read poetry beautifully, and could tell her charming old idyls as they walked by the river.

He interested her in a way that others did not; and yet he had such a dreadfully intense earnestness about him that he positively frightened her sometimes, she said.

Now the summer was gone, Jack was in Texas, and Eleanor was in her city home with only Aunt Jane and memory. Yes, there was always Fred Kensel. He lived in a handsome house up in the square, with a stylish mother and sisters. He was the oldest friend of all, and was always at hand, sometimes more than Eleanor wished. For in the last year their frank, unrestrained good fellowship had in some way taken on a color too strong for ordinary friendship, and Eleanor often found herself uncomfortable and ill at ease when Fred was near. She would declare the air was close—she must have the window open—and where was Aunt Jane? Or if they were on the street she complained of his pace; why did he lag so? Couldn't he walk up like any other man? Poor Fred unwittingly felt the smart of many thorns that winter.

But about Jack Renshaw; Eleanor cared nothing for him—she knew she didn't. He was a pleasant summer friend, nothing more. He had light hair; she wouldn't marry a blonde, anyway. Then he was too serious, too "preachy." She wasn't going to marry a guideboard. Besides he was all of ten years older than she—might as well be her grandfather. No, Jack Renshaw, for anything but a friend, was out of the question. Lew Hunter was more to her mind, and secretly to herself, she owned that Mr. Jerome Arthur, the tenor at St. Paul's, was nearer to her taste than either. But Mr. Jerome Arthur was as yet only a vague possibility. She had met him casually a dozen times or so. Thus she reasoned.

So the days went by, and the letter and Jack went almost out of mind. Occasionally a remark or tone of voice, or a marked passage in some favorite book they had read, would recall him. Then memory would stir, and she would idly wonder if he got her letter, and when and how he would write. But the speculation was one of indifference. It troubled her not. The issue was all too vague as yet.

Lew Hunter was around occasionally; she began to meet and sing duets with Jerome Arthur at the houses of friends, while Fred Kensel was in constant attendance for lectures, concerts and drives. Therefore, if Miss Eleanor's time did not fly, it at least did not drag; and she spent very few hours either in ennui or in serious reflection.

Miss Jane Mears was sometimes anxious for the future of her niece, and took occasion to remind her of the ultimate necessity of a choice and a judicious settlement in life. Whereupon the spirited girl, with laughing audacity, averred that Aunt Jane herself was to be congratulated upon her own merciful preservation from such a climax! That good lady received the lively sallies of her niece with the good humored toleration of a mother cat under the attack of a frolicsome kitten.

"But, Eleanor, my dear," she would purr, "you know you cannot always go on in this way; you really must make a choice."

"Make a choice—how shall I do it, auntie? Advertise for sealed proposals and award the contract to the highest bidder, or put the candidates in a bag and raffle for them?"

"Don't be absurd, child," responded Miss Jane; "you know what I mean, of course. I am afraid you will go through the entire pasture and then take up with a crooked stick."

"Well, I haven't seen any quite straight enough to suit me yet."

"Well, well, my dear, I only talk to you for your own good. I have been afraid you missed it when you didn't take up with Josiah Hawkins."

"'Josiah Hawkins'—and 'missed it,' indeed!" retorted Eleanor. "What did I miss but an antiquated old pig with dyspepsia and squeaky shoes. I trust I am not reduced to quite so low an ebb."

"No, no, child; don't fly in a passion so; it isn't ladylike. I am only afraid you will never do any better, that is all."

"'Do any better!' I should think I could hardly do worse than marry a man for whom I hadn't a spark of love!" and the girl's eyes flashed.

"Well, there, there," soothed the serene maternal cat, "don't let's talk any more about it."

"No, but you mustn't begin it, and please don't scold me any more, dear," succumbed Eleanor, with a kittenish embrace. And so the dialogue would end. And the autumn days went by.

November came on, and no letter from Jack. Eleanor began to think about it. Sometimes she watched, half unconsciously, for the postman, with a little sting of disappointment when he went by. Yet her intimacy with Mr. Jerome Arthur grew apace, and she was quite fascinated by his tender tones and dark, passionate eyes.

December—no letter. Eleanor's feeling of mere question of the cause passed into the stage of positive pique. Her pride was touched. Not even to write to her, to leave any letter of hers unanswered, when any other man would have written two. Well, if Jack Renshaw had a remote idea of her wearing the willow for him he had not read his p's and q's correctly, that was all.

So she sang more and sweeter duets with Jerome Arthur, smiled more graciously on Lew Hunter, and completely dazzled poor Fred Kensel with her affability. On the whole she was rather glad he did not write—so she soliloquized—for inasmuch as she cared nothing for Jack, and never could, a correspondence would be stupid and only lead to trouble.

Of course he cared for her—that is, well, of course he did! Then, in proof of that fact her mind reverted to the night last summer when they parted at the gate of the old farmhouse where she stopped. They had taken their last walk by the river. They had then sought the top of the "ledges" to watch the sun set. Finally, in the twilight they had wandered back to say goodby at the gate. Jack was going tomorrow and she a week later. Their conversation was broken and intermittent as they came down the grassy road.

"Perhaps this may be our last walk forever," spoke his low, earnest voice. "Should you care if it were, Eleanor?"

"Oh, don't be so solemn," exclaimed she. "Of course we shall have more—dozens next summer."

He detained her gently by the arm.

"But would you care if we never did. I asked you?"

"Jack Renshaw," facing him audaciously, "did you ever see an owl? You positively make me think of one sometimes."

His face paled a little. His mouth had a firmer look as he walked in silence by her side to the gate. Hesitating a moment while she coquetted with her parasol and shifted some wild flowers uneasily from one hand into the other:

"Goodby, Eleanor," very gravely.

"Goodby, Jack," vivaciously.

"Is that all—can you say nothing else?"

"Why, what should I say?" she laughed.

"Say that you care—a little—for our summer ended—if you do," taking her hand.

"But what if I don't?" withdrawing that member.

He looked at her challenging face a moment, seriously.

"Goodby," he said, and turned and walked away. Eleanor tripped lightly over the threshold up to her room, flung off her hat, immediately sat down, and—yes, true to the inexplicably contradictions of girlhood, cried.

She remembered it now with a smile, half of incredulity, half of self contempt. Why did she cry? True again to the inexplicabilities of girlhood she did not know.

Three weeks after the parting scene she had received a letter from Jack in Texas, purely friendly, but the closing paragraph of which was this, "May I expect an answer, and may I hope that you do regret, just a little, the ending of our summer idyl!" So Eleanor had written her reply warily eschewing the subject of "regret," however, and that was the letter to which she had received no reply.

The winter days wore on. From indifference to curiosity, from curiosity to pique, and now from pique to anxiety and fitful depression her feeling had passed. From a careless dream of security in his regard she had awakened to doubt and uneasy question. Had he never cared himself for their summer idyl? Of course she didn't, she stoutly maintained to herself, but someway the growing conviction of his indifference was extremely unwelcome to her.

If the truth must be told, her anxiety wore on Miss Eleanor, and she even moped a little, dismally sometimes, at twilight in her room, and pretended she had a headache when Fred called. She dropped by degrees out of the duets and petulantly declared it bored her to sing. Her friends and Mr. Jerome Arthur implored, but she was obdurate. Neither passionate glances nor tender tones had power to move her more. Then she snubbed Lew Hunter and privately voted him stupid.

Miss Mears noticed capriciousness of appetite, and was anxiously solicitous. Did Eleanor sleep well nights? Had she a pain in her side? A dizzy head? Was her tongue coated? And wouldn't she have on a porous plaster or wouldn't she take some tonic bitters? To all of which her niece objected with laughing contempt.

"What do you think about going to Chocorua again this summer?" inquired Miss Mears of her niece one morning the following June. They were sitting at breakfast, and Eleanor was dallying with her coffee spoon.

"Oh, that stupid little town, no. Any place but there," was the quick response.

"Why," said her aunt, in mild surprise, "I thought you liked it so much last year. I am sure the farm house was cool, the vegetables fresh, and you know you thought the river scenery was delightful."

At mention of the river scenery Eleanor was conscious of a pang at her heart like pain; but she answered carelessly: "One tires of things sometimes. I should like a change."

That evening as she took down her long hair in her aunt's room, before retiring, she said suddenly, and with a little nervous flutter, "Yes, let's go to Chocorua, auntie; you know you like it, and the Kensels are going, and it's as good as any place, after all."

Miss Jane Mears received the proposition without surprise, having had twenty years' experience with the fluctuating inclinations of her niece. So it was arranged.

A month later found them settled. There were numerous gay young people, Fred Kensel, his sister and Jerome Arthur among the rest, and Eleanor walked and drove and sought out her old haunts by the river. But there was a lack, a haunting memory, and a wistful pain which her heart sought in vain to ignore.

One night a merry half dozen of them were playing tennis in the field near the farm house which was the temporary home of their choice, when a carriage passing, the driver raised his hat and drew up.

"Jack Renshaw!" exclaimed two or three, recognizing and running toward him, rackets in hand.

Eleanor felt as if stunned, but, being possessed of too much tact and pride to allow herself to seem disconcerted, she approached with the others and offered her hand. He leaned from the carriage in greeting them all, and Eleanor felt, when he took her hand, that his eyes were seeking her own. But she could scarcely look up. Her old fearless confidence was gone, and she blushed half angrily at her disadvantage.

Jack Renshaw recognized, too, the difference, and a something intuitive directed his reply to the general importunity whether he would not be with them before the season was over.

"Yes, certainly, I think I shall," was his reply as he drew his reins and drove on.

He had told them that a telegram brought him from Texas a month ago to the bedside of his mother, who was critically ill, and whose only son he was. Her home was in an adjoining town. She was now convalescent, and he was to return south in September.

That night Eleanor pleaded weariness and retired early to her room. But she could not sleep. She did not try. Without a light, and in her flowing wrapper, she sat long, dreaming in the wide west window; dreaming of all things, of last summer and of the dull, gray future. But through every vision there moved one central figure. All else revolved about that. One face haunted her memory, one voice thrilled her heart.

She rose at last and nervously paced the floor. Why should she think of Jack Renshaw? Why could she not shut him out of mind? She—Eleanor Armstrong—who always had sailed on the crest of the wave, to find herself now chopping dismally in the trough. It was too exasperating.

Yet again and again the same vision haunted her memory, and ever and ever, against her will, the same questions forced an answer. Why could she not forget him? How well he looked! Why had she never noticed his fine expression? What ease and self possession were his! Why had she been so blind before? And so, and so she vexed herself as the night hours wore away.

Within a week Jack was back at Chocorua, a guest at The Elms, the village inn. Eleanor saw him constantly, was obliged to do so, since he was a general favorite, although not given to games.

His attitude toward her was perplexing. Politely indifferent, he neither shunned nor sought her. Eleanor was, as always, gay. But her gayety was fitful; now bordering on extravagance, as when she dashed after a hay cart with Fred; now relapsing almost to sobriety, as when she sought the kitchen to assort rags with old Aunt Eunice.

One afternoon following the arrival of the daily stage she and the Kensel girls proposed walking up to the village postoffice for letters. They were joined on the way by Fred, and at The Elms by re-enforcements, including Mr. Jerome, Arthur and Jack. At the postoffice delivery Kitty Kensel volunteered to call for letters for the company.

"Mr. Jerome Arthur, one; Miss Grace E. Morris, two—three! more than your share, Grace Morris; Miss Persis G. A. Pratt, two and a card; Miss Catharine Kensel—that's me—one; Miss Eleanor Armstrong, card and letter—oh, see! and a dead letter, too!"

"A 'dead letter?' Oh, let's see!" cried all the girls, huddling together.

Jack Renshaw stood at Eleanor's right, looking quietly on.

Behold her rosy cheek doth pale,
And palsied grow her lily hands;
She dare not rend the mystic veil—

ran on the giddy girl who had delivered the letter.

Eleanor flushed and wrenched the envelope in laughing contempt.

"See if I dare not!" she exclaimed.

The inclosed letter fell to the floor, with the addressed side conspicuously uppermost. Jack stooped and restored it to her, inevitably reading the superscription as he did so. Eleanor at that moment read it also.

"J. H. Renshaw"—nothing less, nothing more. In amazement and confusion she raised her eyes to his, which were eagerly regarding her The lightning of recognition flashed between them.

There it was, her own letter of a year ago sent to the dead letter office on account of an unfinished address. She remembered it all. She had written his name, nothing more, that day when she was hesitating to send the letter. A caller had interrupted and made her forget. Then the maid had mailed it as it was.

So Jack had never heard from her, and she had never heard from Jack again.

Eleanor hastily thrust the letter in her pocket and hurried from the office, followed by the chattering company, whose attention was already caught by another matter.

Jack soon took his place by her side on the homeward way. Neither spoke until they came to where the old path led out from the main road and through the meadow along the river.

The shadows were long and cool, and the golden sunset light swept down the depths of the quiet water like a reflected sky.

"Eleanor," said Jack, pausing at the turn, "I think I see how it all was; I think I understand. Do I not?"

Her heart beat thick and fast. She would not trust herself to speak; she only looked away to the sky.

"Shall we walk by the river tonight?" he continued, "and would you care now, as I would, not a little, but with all my soul and for all my life, if we never had walked together again?"

Eleanor lifted her eyes to his with a look which answered his fondest hope, as they turned and went down the river path.

"But really, Jack, you do make me think of an owl sometimes—you look so very solemn and wise!" she said, with a flash of her old audacity, as they came again in the twilight down to the farmhouse gate.—Elmira Telegram.

Woman and Her Foot Wear.

"Please try the left shoe on," said the lady who sat next me in a shoe store.

"Why was that?" I asked the man who had served her, when she departed.

"Hole in her stocking. Oh, yes, you would hardly believe how many ladies have holes in their stockings. We always know it. It's 'try the right shoe on,' or the left, 'never mind the other.' Some of them say: 'I'm afraid I have a little break in my stocking. I didn't expect to get my shoes tried today.' And often the little break horrifies them, having grown to a big break during the day. Oh, yes; little breaks come sometimes, and the lady herself does not know it till the shoe is removed. In those cases she usually says nothing, but just blushes. The hole is always a genuine case of accident when a woman takes it that way. Sometimes they gasp, so that we shall see how surprised they are; but then some women pretend that. We can usually tell the real thing. A successful shoe salesman needs peculiar gifts of tact and the genius of patience," this one continued.

"When a woman has a really large foot it's best to bring a shoe slightly too small, and then appear surprised that it does not fit. 'Some feet look smaller than a really smaller foot' is a good explanation of your error. Bring to the woman who has a genuinely tiny foot a shoe too big and then fit down to her. Nothing pleases her so much. A salesman influences the buyer tremendously. I believe a woman would rather have her foot praised than be told she is clever. Always humor a woman with a big foot. 'You can wear a much smaller shoe than this, of course, but you want this for really comfortable wear.' That makes her want to hug you."—New York Sun.

Wooden Lace.

Lace making in America is still an infant industry, though the continent can claim the only lace tree yet discovered. It is the lazzette, or lace tree of Jamaica, whose inner bark can be separated into layers of very pretty mesh. Queen Victoria has had a dress of it, presented by the people of that loyal colony. His Majesty Charles II had only a cravat.

History does not record if he wore it. It does tell, though, of a wooden lace cravat that must have been much more desirable. It was carved by the famous Grinling Gibbons in imitation of point lace, and was so flexible that it could be tied or folded without injury.

The Duke of Devonshire was its first owner. Gibbons gave it to him upon the completion of Chatsworth, the magnificent. In some manner it came into the hands of Horace Walpole, who delighted to wear it when he had special guests of honor at Strawberry Hill.—New York Herald.

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"My dear," said Dr. Bradley's wife,
While sitting in our church, last week,
"Judge Browne is dozing in a draught—
He'll be so ill he cannot speak."
"Oh! never mind, my dear," said he,
"I'll cash the 'draft' some time next week."

A "slight cold" settling upon the lungs of one whose blood is tainted with scrofula, nearly always results in consumption.

For removing scrofulous humors from the blood, curing scrofulous sores and ulcers, and Consumption (which is lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, by removing their underlying cause, and for purifying the blood of all humors or poisons, no matter of what name or nature, as well as for toning up the system generally, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is acknowledged by all who know anything of it, to *stand at the head* of all remedies.

All the year round, you may rely upon Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify the blood and system. It's not like the sarsaparillas, that are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May. The "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well at all times, and in all cases of blood-taints, or humors, no matter what their name or nature.

It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier, sold through druggists, no matter how many doses are offered for a dollar, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you.

Can you ask more?

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol to inebriate, and no syrup or sugar to derange digestion.

It's a concentrated vegetable extract; put up in large bottles; pleasant to the taste, and equally good for adults or children.

ABOUT HANDWRITING.

An Expert Explains How Easy It Is to Tell Chalk from Cheese.

A profession which is an old and honored one, but which has not received distinguished recognition until recently, is that of handwriting expert. This kind of testimony now carries much more weight with judge and jurymen than it did some years ago, by the manner in which the testimony is given. The expert nowadays does not ask the court and jury to accept his private opinion as to the genuineness of a signature, but produces such proofs of the reasons which have made him reach the conclusion by means of diagrams, photographs, etc., as to leave no doubt in their minds.

"Every person," said Mr. D. T. Ames, the famous handwriting expert the other day, "has peculiar characteristics, and no two handwritings are exactly alike. Personalities enter as much into a man's penmanship as in his daily intercourse with friends or acquaintances. The forger, for instance, cannot know his own habits or control his own hand so as to set it aside entirely at will. Mere will power can have little effect on the formation of letters, and even, although he may try, the skillful forger cannot wholly hide his own individuality. Forgeries are more frequently confined to a single signature.

"The forger has the advantage of having before him a copy upon which he may practice until he has attained enough skill to reproduce it, or he may make use of the various mechanical means for securing a correct outline by which he will be guided in reproducing his copy. Where the former method is employed there is usually a fatal lack of accuracy as to form. The other method usually leaves signs of the slow and hesitating movement required for carefully following an outline, also several retouches of the shaded lines, which when examined under a microscope are at once apparent. Forgeries thus made may generally be demonstrated from the very character of the work without any reference whatever to the general signature.

"An amusing instance of the detection of this class of simulations occurred in my own experience some time since when called to a certain law office for the purpose of examining a contested will. The junior member of the firm took occasion to speak disparagingly of expert examinations of writing, saying that a clerk of his could copy his own signature so closely that he was unable himself to detect the difference, nor did he believe that any expert could do so. I had never seen the writing of the lawyer or that of his clerk. After a few minutes the lawyer handed me a sheet of legal cap covered from top to bottom with his name, remarking that a portion of the signatures had been written by himself and a portion by his clerk, and reiterating his belief that it was beyond the power of an expert to determine which were his and which the clerk's.

"Taking the paper in my hand I looked at the signatures for not more than one minute. 'You wrote that, that and that,' I said, indicating three of the signatures, 'and your clerk wrote the rest.' The lawyer admitted the correctness of my answer, and expressed great surprise at its readiness and accuracy, and asked how I had determined it. I explained that in looking down the page I observed that the writing of one class of names was entirely homogeneous. In its turns, shades, grace of line and all there was apparent a full, natural movement, while in another set there were hesitancy in the lines, angles in the place of round turns, shades varying in place and degree, a different slant and general want of homogeneousness. So it was very easy to tell them apart."—New York Recorder.

Mrs. Croly and Her Work.

Mrs. Croly, whose pen name is Jennie June, has long been a favorite with the reading public, is the president of the Women's Press club and the founder of it, for it was her call to the press women of New York that resulted in the organization of the present club. Sorosis also owes its birth to Mrs. Croly, in whose house it was organized, and she has written a history of it.

At present Mrs. Croly is the editor of The Home Maker, into which the Women's Cycle, that was started by her a few years ago, has been merged, retaining, however, the name of Cycle department. To this magazine Mrs. Croly now devotes the greater part of her time, but goes about to various cities and towns in the United States, whenever she is called upon, to speak of club life before women's clubs. No woman perhaps has had more experience than she has had in this respect, and her love for all women and her interest in everything pertaining to them render her peculiarly well fitted for this work. She does not sympathize with the universal suffrage movement for women, nor does she approve of it for men, but she thinks that certain classes of women should have a voice in the making of the laws, and she believes that the time will come when they will have it.

A thoroughly womanly woman, Mrs. Croly's slight figure and unwrinkled face make her look almost too young to be the mother of grown up children. She lives in a dainty flat uptown that is filled with books, pictures and bric-a-brac, making it the ideal literary woman's home. Her Sunday evening receptions are crowded with bright men and women, and the young aspirant for journalistic and literary honors is always cordially welcomed by the genial hostess.—New York World.

A Good Conceit of Himself.

Lieutenant (to his intended)—I see by the papers that there is an increase in the mortality of the female population. Had no idea that my engagement would produce such disastrous results.—Sachsischer Postillon.

He Marched.

Literary Aspirant—I can write about anything.

Bored Publisher—Then please right about face.—Exchange.

Eli Peeler was locked up in jail at Douglas, Ills., while drunk. He set fire to his bed and was burned to death.

Fifteen thousand weavers at Bielitz and 2,000 employes at Pesth have been dismissed for being absent from work on May Day.

Two large vessels were ice-bound Saturday on the Apostle islands in Lake Superior.

CONCEALING THEIR DEFICIENCIES.

Why One Old Negro Could Not Write and Another Could Not Count.

Two stories characteristic of the negro were told in the smoke room of a transatlantic steamer.

Said a gentleman from New Orleans: "I stood on the levee in our city one morning while the paymaster of a river steamer was engaged in paying off the roustabouts.

"As each man presented himself at the cashier's window the paymaster asked the question whether he would sign his name or make his mark. If he was unable to write the paymaster, of course, subscribed the name and left a place for the man to place a cross.

"You must recollect that since the close of the war and the establishment of schools for freedmen the negroes of the south are very unwilling to admit ignorance upon their part.

"The payment of the men proceeded without incident until one young up country darky presented himself at the window in response to the calling of the name Eugene Jackson.

"'Will you write your name or make a cross, Jackson?' said the paymaster.

"'I'll write my name,' replied the negro.

"The pen was handed to him and the place for his signature was carefully pointed out on the pay roll.

"The man took the pen clumsily, dipped it in the ink, looked at it and then at the pay roll and finally laid it down on the desk.

"'What time is it?' he asked, looking up at the paymaster.

"'It is just 10 o'clock,' was the reply.

"'Well, then,' said the darky, 'I guess I ain't got time to write my name. I've got to meet a man at the custom house at 12 o'clock, and I guess I'll just make a cross.'

"The custom house," said the New Orleans man, in conclusion, "is about ten minutes' walk from where the man was standing."

"That reminds me of a little experience I once had with a negro," said a brick manufacturer of a little town up the Hudson, who chanced to be of the party.

"We called the man old Uncle Ned," continued the speaker. "He was a dear old white headed fellow, with a bent back and about seventy years old at the time the incident I am about to relate occurred.

"He had lived in a little shanty in the town for years and did odd jobs at whitewashing, masonry work and various other things.

"One day I wanted a man to stack some brick for me in piles of a thousand each, and to turn a little something in the way of Uncle Ned I hired him for the job.

"'Can you count, Ned?' I asked him after I had told him what I wanted.

"'Yes, indeed, I kin, massa,' the old fellow replied with a chuckle, 'I kin count right smart, and he ran off the numerals up to ten glibly enough.

"Ned began his task and worked steadily for some hours. I looked out of my office window after awhile and saw that he had far exceeded his number of a thousand bricks to a stack.

"I walked out to see about it. He was hard of hearing and did not detect my approach as I came up behind him. I drew nearer and overheard him say, as he lay each brick on the stack: 'A nudder an' a nudder, and der goes a nudder. A nudder, an' a nudder, and der goes a nudder.'

"'What in the world are you doing, Ned?' I asked.

"'Countin' de bricks, massa,' he replied, as he continued, 'A nudder an' a nudder, and der goes a nudder.'

"But, Ned, you can't count bricks that way; that is not counting. I thought you could count one, two, three, four, etc.

"'Yes, I dun tole you I could count, an' so I did up to ten, but Ned's pretty ole now, massa, an' after ten he dun forget his schoolin', an' so he counts a nudder, an' a nudder, an' der goes a nudder.'

"There was something pathetic about the poor old follow's speech," continued the speaker. "Of course I paid him for his day's work," he added; "but I had to have his stack of bricks recounted, and had to give the balance of the job to a couple of twelve-year-old boys, who were more expert at figures than he."—New York Herald.

English Hospital Statistics.

Taking the quantity of medicine used at St. Bartholomew's hospital, London, as a fair criterion of the medicine used per patient, the quantities of medicine used every year in the hospitals of this country are as follows: Ointment, 80,000 pounds; cod liver and castor oils and various kinds of mixtures and lotions, etc., 150,000 gallons; upward of half a million pills, and between thirty and forty tons of linseed. Mr. H. C. Burdett estimates that the hospitals of the kingdom have invested property worth ten millions. Their income is nearly a million and a quarter per annum.

The expenditure per bed varies most strangely. It is least in Scotland and greatest in an Irish institution. At Westminster it is only £70 per bed; at University College hospital it is £110 per bed; at the Royal Surrey County hospital it is £111; at the Devon and Exeter £51, and about the same at the South Devon and East Cornwall hospital.—London Tit-Bits.

Accidents Will Happen.

Did you note that dispatch from Atchison, Kan., relating how "Mrs. Ellen Patton, a local poetess of considerable note, dislocated her jaw this morning while yawning?" Did you observe that record of how Rufus Getheridge, of Worcester, Mass., "broke the small bone of his left leg in stepping out of bed?" Did you reflect upon the solemn fact that Colonel Warton, of Jefferson, Mo., while picking his teeth "with a wooden toothpick, drew it down into his lungs and died of strangulation?" This brief article is simply intended to show how, in the midst of life, you may be—somewhere else.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DON'T GIVE UP

The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One bottle may not cure "right off" a complaint of years; persist until a cure is effected. As a general rule, improvement follows shortly after beginning the use of this medicine. With many people, the effect is immediately noticeable; but some constitutions are less susceptible to medicinal influences than others, and the curative process may, therefore, in such cases, be less prompt. Perseverance in using this remedy is sure of its reward at last. Sooner or later, the most stubborn blood diseases yield to

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several years, in the spring months, I used to be troubled with a drowsy, tired feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my being able to walk, the least sudden motion causing me severe distress. Frequently, boils and rashes would break out on various parts of the body. By the advice of friends and my family physician, I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and continued it till the poison in my blood was thoroughly eradicated."—L. W. English, Montgomery City, Mo.

"My system was all run down; my skin rough and of yellowish hue. I tried various remedies, and while some of them gave me temporary relief, none of them did any permanent good. At last I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing it exclusively for a considerable time, and am pleased to say that it completely

Cured Me.

I presume my liver was very much out of order, and the blood impure in consequence. I feel that I cannot too highly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any one afflicted as I was."—Mrs. N. A. Smith, Glover, Vt.

"For years I suffered from scrofula and blood diseases. The doctors' prescriptions and several so-called blood-purifiers being of no avail, I was at last advised by a friend to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and now feel like a new man, being fully restored to health."—C. N. Frink, Decorah, Iowa.

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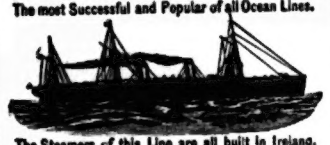

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 3 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; F J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 138 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry B Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Brier, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P B MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 527 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 503 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 9461 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 153 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 168 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

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Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 852 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 393 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Demilaeler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 110 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 251 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuess, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1068 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 22d Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21, South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R, Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elisabeth's Court No. 22—E Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elisabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 909 Tallman av; E W Dye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; B Smith, F S; E B Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Logenta's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st, Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Lynch, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lavrean, Treas, Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Francchere's hall, 158 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st, Frank A Rogers, R S, 526 S Bergen st; Joseph Betts, F S; Val Schmitzler, Treas; Dr J J Thompeta, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Beier, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John Bobbes, F S; John J Murnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Symon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Rawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av, Richmond C Foley, R S, 412 Wanbansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas, Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Pazel, C R, 185 Blue Island av; John Burgard, R S, 146 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 127 Bunker av; W J Stapleton, R S, 2236 Cleveland av; Joseph F Bolden, F S, Edward O'Dea, Treas, Dr F B Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Huth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawlond, C R, 261 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 139 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Banrahan, C R, 16 N Seagamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Bitzdaner, R S, 158 Hudson av; M V Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schutt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 248 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; E P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 735 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 597 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

St. Mullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 8 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transchit, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J Meinerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierceni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 256 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Motyeaux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 96 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGaan, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Keaney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

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Div. 2—Hugh L. Farrell, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec., 1068 Van Horn st; John Farrell Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4 Daniel Collins, 261 S. Canalport st., Pres. P Lavery V. P. Daniel Gordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S. Halsted st; T. F. White Fin. Sec., M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Chambers' av. and Union st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2102 Grave st; William White, V. P., Michael C. Prell, Recording Sec., 46 Depuyster st., P V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec., James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth av; John Ryan, V. P., Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3286 S Halsted st., John Ryan, Fin. Sec., E. M. Nicholas Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Town Hall Town of Lake.

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Div. No. 8—James F Sweeney, Pres., 378 Oak st; T. Doyle, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of each at 3 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Sheen, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P., D Duggan, Rec Sec., 9 Chicago, M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec. John McCabe, 414th. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Bierman's Hall South Chicago.

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Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 3022 Deering st; V. P., John Roche Rec. Sec., 3128 Ashland av, Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce, Treas., James Reilly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasmer's hall Loch and Archer av.

Div. No. 13—Pres., James Noonan, V.-P. Austin Clark, Rec. Sec., John Prendergast Fin. Sec. Edward Rogers, Treas., J. D. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 5 p m in Dorrie hall, 143 1st Ill.

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Div. No. 18—Pres., st. Lot us, cor W Forty-third and Lase sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

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Div. No. 26—Pres. J F Doheny, 2350 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

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Div. 31—Pres., John Downing, 251 N Clark st; V.-P. Thomas Fraucy; Rec. Sec., John Mulhearn, 49 Artesian av; Fin. Sec., Michael Moore; Treas., James C. King. Meets last Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

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Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V.-P., Patrick Foley; Rec. Sec., Martin Walsh, 2393 Lyman st; Fin Sec., Patrick Crimmins; Treas., James Kelly Meet first and third Saturday of each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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LAUGHING HERUM.

O, Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!
They glance and go as the great winds blow,
And the best of our dreams drive asunder;
For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And now they have looked and seen us,
O we that were dear, we are all—too near
With the thick and the world between us.

O, Death and Time, they chime and chime
Like bells at sunset falling!
They end the song, they right the wrong,
They set the old echoes calling;
For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen weather,
And we lie in the peace of the Great Release
As once in the grass together.
—W. E. Henley in New York Commercial Advertiser.

Why Humanity Is Dwarfed.

Woman has not suffered alone from the denial to her of political equality. The human race is like a man who through infancy, youth and manhood has compelled his right leg to bear the burden of his body, regarding the left merely as an ornamental appendage, to be swung up by supports and tricked out with ribbons, lace and jewelry. The one would be nerveless and feeble, the other lame and overworked, and the progress of the whole body would be halting, uneven and slow. So with the body politic. All who are interested in public affairs feel how lame, unequal and imperfect is the advance of society, and how heavily drag the mighty interests of the great republic.

It will be no better till complete justice is done to woman. With her enfranchisement there will come a nobler era. Then, with interests that are identical, with a humanity common to both, the masculine head married to the feminine heart, wisdom supplemented with love, man and woman shall together work out the great problems of life, and a nobler and better civilization shall come to the waiting future.—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

Heavier Engines Bound to Come.

The demand of the time is to move weight over distance at the least possible cost to it on slow freight or fast passenger trains. There are hundreds of locomotives in service of about forty tons weight, capable of hauling a train of 100 tons at the average running rate of sixty miles an hour. But that is not the kind of fast train that our railroad managers want. They are required to make money for the companies employing them, and they realize that it pays much better to use locomotives weighing sixty tons that are capable of hauling a fast train of 300 tons.

It is a curious study, and one that is interesting to some minds, to investigate the rapid speed that might be made with safety with locomotives having abnormally large drivers, but as far as the bearing on American railroad operating is concerned, it is just as practicable as speculations or calculations respecting the time it would take a balloon of certain proportions to reach the moon.—National Car Builder.

A Cinch for the M. D.

A good story comes all the way from San Francisco. It is said that a lady applied to her physician in that city for advice and a prescription. He had long attended her and her family, and on this occasion he recommended that she go to a popular watering place in that part of the country, giving her a letter of introduction to a physician who resided at the springs.

On the way there the lady remarked to her daughter that as long as her doctor had been treating her he had never stated just what was her ailment. "I've a good mind to open this letter and see what he says of my case to the other doctor." Acting on the impulse she tore open the envelope, and, taking out the letter, read, "Dear Doctor—Keep the old lady four weeks, and then send her back to me."—Detroit Free Press.

Races in Brazil.

The pure whites of Brazil comprise about 35 per cent. of the total population; 25 per cent. or so are negroes, and about 35 per cent. mulattoes, while the remainder are aboriginal Indians. In the northern provinces the Indians are most numerous, and in Rio de Janeiro, Bahai, Pernambuco and Minas the negroes are to be found in great numbers. The greater part of the Europeans in Brazil (who live in the seaport towns and the adjacent provinces) are those from the Latin races, chiefly the Portuguese and Spanish.—Detroit Free Press.

As early as the campaign in Spain, in 1367, in support of Peter the Cruel, and also in the following reign of Richard II, the English soldier appears to have been in white and with a red cross of St. George on his breast and back. In 1461 there is evidence of red being adopted for a small number of men at least, when a contingent for the army of the king maker (the Earl of Warwick) was sent from Rye dressed in red coats.

The highest place in the world regularly inhabited is stated to be the Buddhist monastery, Halne, in Thibet, which is about 16,000 feet above sea level. The next highest is Galera, a railway station in Peru, which is located at a height of 15,635 feet. Near it, at the same level, a railway tunnel 3,847 feet in length is being driven through the mountains.

In the Seventeenth century rotating pumps, like the Pappenham engine with two pistons and the Prince Rupert with one, were first use. Pumps with plunger pistons were invented by Morland, an Englishman, in 1674: the double acting pump by De la Hire, the French academician.

The greatest density of population is in the area which has from forty to fifty inches of yearly rainfall. On either side, as the rainfall increases or decreases—the maximum of the country being above seventy inches and the minimum below ten inches—the population diminishes.

It is hardly worth while to dread a thunderstorm, as there is only one chance in about a million that a person will die from a lightning stroke, which is doubtless the most instantaneous and painless of all causes of death.

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Men's Clothing.

$35.00	Suits..... now	$26.25
30.00	" ..... "	22.50
25.00	" ..... "	18.75
20.00	" ..... "	10.00
30.00	Overcoats..... "	22.50
25.00	" ..... "	18.75
20.00	" ..... "	15.00
18.00	" ..... "	13.50

Boys' Clothing.

$ 3.00	2-piece Suits, now.....	$2.25
4.00	2-piece " "	3.00
5.00	2 and 3-piece Suits, now.....	3.75
6.00	2 and 3-piece " "	4.50
8.00	2 and 3-piece " "	6.00
10.00	2-piece Suits, now.....	6.00
12.00	2-piece " "	7.00

Men's Shoes--$6.00 ones for $4.50--$5.00 ones for $3.75--$4.00 ones for $3.00.

Boys' Shoes--$3.50 ones for $2.65--$2.75 ones for $2.10--best leather and workmanship.

Men's White Shirts, Underwear, Neckwear, Umbrellas--at about your own prices.

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P. S.--All New Spring Goods are in this Sale. Open Saturday Evenings until 10 o'clock.

There's banks of violets, Banks of moss,
And banks where miners grope;
And banks that handle golden coin,
But FAIRBANK makes THE BEST SOAP.

EVERY ONE USES SANTA CLAUS SOAP. N.K. FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO.

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ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY
69 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY, 916 CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

ESTATE OF MARTIN LANAHAN, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Lanahan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, being the 15th day thereof. HONORIA LANAHAN, Executrix.

Dated Chicago, April 14, 1891.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

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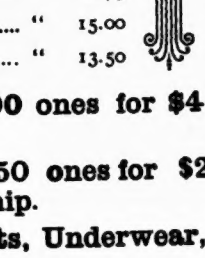

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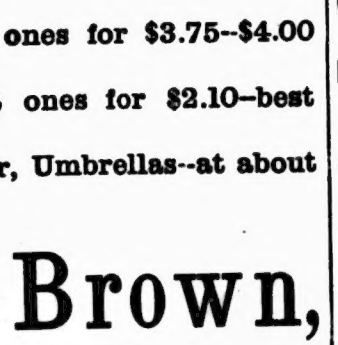
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